

ROCK MAGAZINE

MAY, 1989

NUMBER 33 1/3

SNFU

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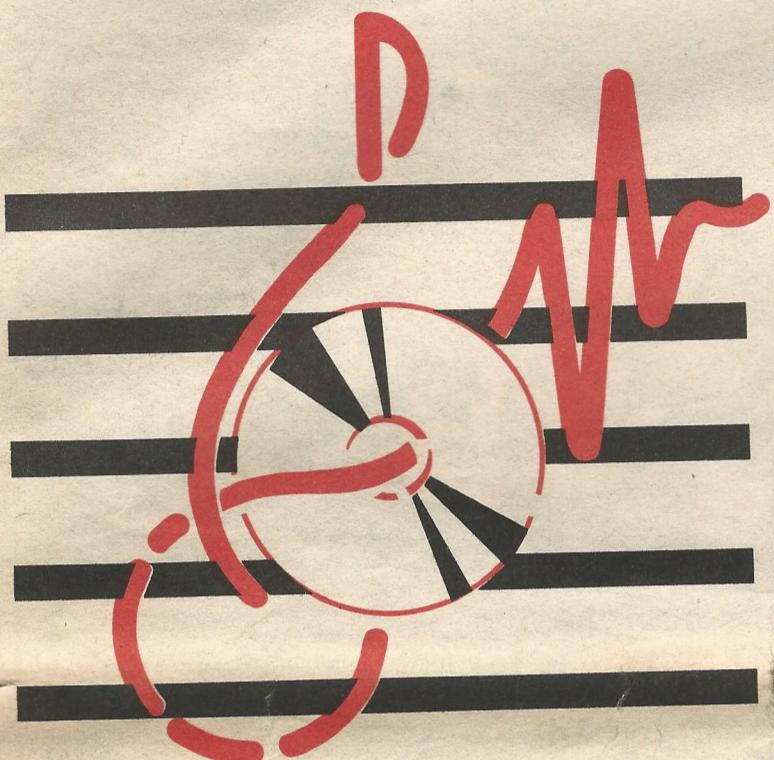
**NOMEANSNO
METALLICA
ME, MOM & MORGENTALLER
MYKEL BOARD
VIOLENT FEMMES
PROBLEM CHILDREN
DINOSAUR JR.
and oodles of other stuff**

THE MUSIC BUSINESS AND YOU

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- Dealing with Record Companies: Majors vs Indies
- Marketing the Artist through The Press, Radio & Videos
- Artist Development, Management & Corporate Sponsorship
- Current Issues: Into the 21st Century (impact of new technology, freetrade, legal issues)

WORKSHOPS (limited space)

- How to Produce a Hot Recording using the latest MIDI/Synthesis Technology
- How to Negotiate the Best Deal for your Talent
- Have your Demo Analysed by Professionals

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- **TOM NOONAN**, Associate Publisher, BILLBOARD
- **TONY BONGIOVI**, Producer for BONJOVI, AEROSMITH, TALKING HEADS
- **EDDIE SCHWARTZ**, Songwriter of hits for PAT BENATAR and JOE COCKER
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DATE & PLACE

SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1989 8:30 am
Salle Marie-Gérin-Lajoie
405 St. Catherine St. East,
MONTREAL

SUNDAY, MAY 14, 1989 8:30 am
Ryerson Theatre
43 Gerard St. E., TORONTO

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Look, we're not a Program Guide for any bloody radio station, we're totally independent. Got it?

Now, I stopped writing all these ridiculous introspective editorials about 'who we are' and 'what we're doing' about a year back because I was getting bored of them and I figured you were probably asleep before you made it to page four. I also figured everybody had gotten the point.

But nooooo... we still get the old "Aren't you a Program Guide for some radio station?" even from people in the Montreal scene who should know better. So, NO WE'RE NOT! We still get record folks sending mail to us at various college stations. STOP DOING THAT, WE DON'T LIVE THERE ANYMORE.

To clear the air, many moons ago we were a Program Guide for radio CRSG. A nice bunch of folks who we still get along with and with whom we have the occasional beer or coffee (preferably beer), but we haven't been associated with them FOR TWO WHOLE FRIGGIN' YEARS!

Am I making myself clear?

It's getting really silly when someone in town tells us the other day that we were described to him as 'a musical trade publication put out by the Ryerson Technical Institute.' Geez, it's not even the right city.

Look, once and for all, we're not a company paper, we're not a program guide, we're not a corporate



anything. For the last two years we've been working out of our place in St. Henri and now N.D.G., where various people with funny haircuts drop by with articles, cartoons, photos and the occasional free record.

The only corporate thing about us is our post office box which is two inches square, located at the downtown post office where I'm sure the guys behind the counter think we're totally off our rockers.

All we are is a bunch of folks who all work (or welfare it) for a living and work on this mag for free to cover the Montreal and Toronto scenes as best we can and try to have fun doing it. The only thing people get out of working for *RearGarde* is recognition. So please recognize that WE ARE INDEPENDENT OF EVERYONE (except my mom who doesn't like it when I swear in my editorials. Hi mom).~

That's it, I've whined enough. I'm going back to bed. And I know that if folks want to have thick heads, they will, and that nothing I write here'll make any difference at all... argh.

Paul Gott

Before I forget, a thousand apologies to Sonja Chichak (Shadowy Men) and Twilight (7 Seconds) who weren't credited for their photos two issues back.



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RearGarde is funded in part by a grant from those happy folks down at the Jeunes Volontaires Program. And—honest—boy, are we happy.

The BIG Benefit

The Benefits just keep getting bigger and bigger, both in number of bands and the causes they're supporting. But it'll be hard to beat the Earth Concert Benefits happening at Station 10 on the 7th and the 14th.

Billed as a "Benefit Concert for the awareness and preservation of our planet", the cash raised will go to a fund controlled by the Society in Support of Planet Management.

Long names, big plans: The cash will go to support various ecological and awareness programs according to Sue, one of the organizers. They decided to raise money through concerts both because of the publicity these events generate and "Because music's the universal language, isn't it? It's the best way to get things across to people, even people who might not normally be interested in your cause," says Sue.

There'll be seven or eight bands playing each night, starting at 6PM, with a cover of a mere \$5. The seventh features the Cause, Mere Image, Portable Ethnic Taxi, Hush, New Momentz, The Stratejackets and the Ripcordz. The 14th has TDY, Playhouse, The Campbells, Duke & Co., Savage Garden, Fast and the Fury and the Fact.

And, oh yeah, Mr. Wonderful will be M.C.ing, so bring those rotten tomatoes.



The Stratejackets are one of seven bands playing on the 7th. PHOTO: Sonja Chichak

Yo howdy. Vinyl vinyl vinyl. It's a happenin in Montreal as the scene revs up for a lazy summer, out on the hot streets, desperately avoiding getting a tan and looking funny instead of cool while hanging out at the Foufounes...

Okay, Guys, The Cover's Almost Ready Department: The Asexuals are coasting into a couple of shows to showcase their new album in the next little while. The LP is due out Real Soon and the 'Sexies can be found at Foufounes on the 24th. On stage probably. "There might be some guy from CBS Records there to check us out," says bassist-around-town Blake Cheethah. "But I don't know if he's seriously into giving us wads of cash."

And the new LP? "It's more tales about drinking and snow-shoeing. There's one tune about snorkelling, but that's about it for the non-winter sports. And fornicating, too, don't forget that. Snow-shoeing, drinking, snorkelling and fornicating—the four corners of our lives."

No, Blake, the sound. "Oh. It's sort of the Ramones meet Herb Alpert. That might woo the kids." Woo. Don't believe him. I've heard the thing: Can you say Replacements? I knew you could...

Record Launch (?) Department: The American Devices launched their

Decensored LP at the Tycoon late last month. Sort of. Says guitarist Rick Trembles: "I thought it was going to be the record launch, but I forgot to put that on the poster."

A second (first?) record launch might be in the works, with the band working on their movie project and on getting

more response from the underground press about their LP. "We sent a package down to *Forced Exposure* and Lydia Lunch sent a postcard back saying 'I love the cover—I wish it was 49 feet tall,'" says Rick. "I guess that means she liked it. Seems like a lot of people are just reviewing the hype and the



The Northern Vultures have the record.

PHOTO: Twilight

Getting That M&M Feeling

Dear Jolly John (or is that Mr. John)

So you think that Infamous Bastards should "...play with someone of the same musical style..." but you just said that you "...feel it is a good idea having shows with different musical styles..." So which is it? Okay so you did point out that maybe combining ska and speedcore was pushing it a little. You could be right. Then again maybe not.

Your point however is irrelevant, since the show that I was at did not feature a single speedcore band. Napalm Death and Cryptic Slaughter are speedcore. Motorhead and Cro-Mags are not and neither are Infamous Bastards. Of course I'm not writing this to bicker over the specific definition of speedcore, or the vast number of labels used to describe this thing WE call rock'n roll. My point is, that by suggesting that bands be segregated according to the type of music they play, you're saying that peoples' musical tastes should stay within the boundaries of whatever style of dress they choose. For example: rude boys/girls should go to ska shows, punks should go to hardcore shows, headbangers should go to metal shows, skinheads should go to... well you get my point.

It wasn't so long ago that someone with long hair would get the beats if he tried to go to a hardcore show or vice versa. This however is 1989 and anybody from punks to preppys to posers, can go to see anyone from Groovy Religion to Groovy Aardvark and not have to worry about whether or not they're asking for trouble. There are of course exceptions to the rule. Skrewdriver fans probably wouldn't ap-

preciate certain people at their shows. Skrewdriver however, do not perform live. Gee, I wonder why?

John Patterson Coinner

NMRG

To RearGarde,

I picked up your 'zine lately and thought it was great. It looks as professional as some of those British music trade papers like NME & Melody Maker etc. I also like the fact that you cover some of the Ottawa music scene as well. All I can say is great articles, great design, great layout... Great Paper!

Sean

(Well thanx, but NME and Melody Maker? Blechh.—ed.)

A Cause To Celebrate

Dear Emma,

Thank you for the favourable cassette review, and Geek #2 (PS) is probably right, we should go on Star Search. But, we're not a glitter band, we just wanna ROCK. Unfortunately, our non-live/track by track/8 track demo (?) doesn't transmit the punch we deliver in live shows. I guess I should have supported the demo with some more specs, but I didn't see the need. About our singer, I think he used to stutter as a child and now he just repeats himself.

If (AL) wants to hear some "ballsy blasts", have him come to one of our shows and check-out the songs I'm On Fire, Wake Me and Lost Generation.

Thanks again for the 'ears' and I hope

you can make it to one of our shows in May. Sincerely,

R.Romaniuk, the Cause

A Graphic Error

To the Editors,

Although I am a regular reader of your publication I must protest your portrayal of women, specifically in your March issue. On page seven the illustration used for your Rocktopus interview is sexist and offensive. The woman depicted has her hands behind her back and a tentacle down her shirt. Her expression is of pleasant surprise. The use of women as objects of sexual gratification whether for men or beasts is sexist.

In portraying women as sex objects with that being their sole purpose and as passive victims, you perpetuate misogyny and the perception that women exist only to serve men, and in this case a "Rocktopus".

Although you blantly state in your December issue that you are not politically correct, that does not excuse you to circulate sexist material. When this stance is regarding and debasing to any group or individual it's resulting harm and pain is inexcusable. I find it hard to believe that you would readily circulate racist material.

You also state that you are not politically oriented. Politics enters into every facet of life. By using the above mentioned illustration and portraying women as passive victims you are taking a political stand.

An Angry Young Woman,

Jen D.T.

(Well, sorry you feel that way Jen. However, the reason that particular graphic was printed was because it was the band's cassette cover and very much part of their image. We figured our readers are bright enough to make their own decisions about

the band and its graphics—as you certainly did—without us having to clean up their act for them. We'd rather provide our readers with information and let them make up their own minds on subjects rather than start in on selective censorship—ed.)

Basturd-ization

Dearest Jolly John,

When I read your review on the Infamous Bastards and Me, Mom and Morgentaler show at Foufounes I thought "Was this guy even there?" Why would anyone imply that, with four hundred or more people coming to see two local acts with different musical styles in which everybody had fun, the show was unsuccessful? Jolly, the only time I saw people leaving the club was after the last band finished playing.

By the way, with your musical knowledge, you called Infamous speedcore. Well with that in mind I'll help you categorize some other local bands. The Ripcordz are post-industrial-techno-pop. Sons of the Desert are a ZZ Top cover band and D.B.C. are all butch dykes who do the Runaways.

Get the picture? Later,

Celso
Infamous Bastards

Geez, Another 1

Dearest RearGarde,

We were really upset. All eight of us. Jolly John's review of the Me, Mom &

Morgentaler and Infamous Bastards' February 24th Foufounes show in April's *RearGarde* was inaccurate, cynically defeatist and insufferably uncool. We have to speak up. John went wrong when he portrayed the audience as split between the Bastards' metalhead fans and Morgentaler's Rude Boys. Not so. John forgets that there were many skankin' metalheads (including the Infamous Bastards themselves) and many thrashing rude boys (including the Morgentalers). The point is most people enjoyed both acts and the variety of it all, so why give credence to those close-minded persons who missed out on either of the acts. Besides, even for those people, the show was not a failure, because \$4 is a fair price to see just one band - for those who stayed for both bands it was a real deal.

John's overall negative and defeatist approach is upsetting too. He saw the Bastards as "victims of bad lineup booking". How come Chico himself thought it was one of their best shows ever? Hardly victims. Anyone there that night would have to agree that they kicked serious butt.

Basically the vibe he conveys was not at all the vibe of the show. It was an extremely positive show and his review had negative tones. John thought the two bands "did not form a whole" and the evening lacked unity. What can be more unifying than two Montreal scene bands from diverse backgrounds sharing a common stage in the name of the alternative music scene and good clean fun? The truth is, it's a tiny scene, and I can't think of another ska band Morgentaler can play with. All told, we thought it was such a success and such a damn good idea, that we're planning the sequel.

Oh yeah, as a P.S.: about Dominic's review of our Onslaught show - racism is much less a political issue than a moral one. And yes, I do think there's room in rock for politics along with everything else.

Sincerely,

Matthew
and the rest of the Morgentalers



Condition do the record launch thing at Club Soda on the 20th. Honest.

cover, not the record."

Damn that underground press. Snobish, flippant, stupid... oops, that's us.

Phone Up Gerard And Get OG Propaganda Again Department: "Well, everything that was up in the air last month is still up in the air. The **House of Knives** LP is one millimeter closer to coming out," says Mr. Van Herk. "I could say that all our records are doing well—the **U.I.C.** LP is going into its second pressing—but all record companies will say that about their

The Gruesomes head out west.

PHOTO: Twilight

stuff and does anybody really trust 'em? I wouldn't." Me either.

A couple of new things: **Voodoo** are off to Europe on June 14, the **Gruesomes** head out west all this month, a **Voodoo Train** is due out in three weeks, and they're still looking for stuff for the next *It Came From Canada* comp. "We continue to get good demo tapes from across the country," says Gerard. "It seems like there's a new generation of really good, if a bit derivative, bands growing up out there."

They're also looking to put together a comic book. "It's going to be music-related, so if anyone's got any cartoons—kind of rock 'n roll cartoons—they should send 'em down to us," says Gerard. "But we're trying not to do too many hardcore/metal comics, so as few skulls and titties as possible, please..."

Necessary My Dog Popper Mention This Issue Department: A slight membership change (often difficult to tell because Popper members sometimes get lost in the crowd or just get lost): "Dave, our drummer (one of them) and Brian, our guitarist (one of them) were told by their Other Band **Broken Smile** that they had to get serious," says lead Popper guy with the funny haircut, Eric. "The fascist members said they

had to leave and like the meek guys they are, they left and now they're out touring the world. Now Colleen will have to find us a new guitar player and boyfriend."

This, I am told, is acceptable Popper humour. (I always get in trouble when I say things like that). Actually they're currently working with a new guitarist, Rob, ex of **Satan's Landlords** (or not ex), **Blind Lemon Pie** and **Genetic Control**.

Eric would also like to point out that I never print anything he says about the **Infamous Bastards**. So: "I'm working out at the same gym as Chico basturd. But I haven't seen him there yet, so he must be getting flabby. He must have gotten a girlfriend or something. I also saw Celso at the KOX bar the other day. I was just there to meet a friend—I don't know what he was there for..."

Couldn't Be Reached For Comment Department: Chico and Celso. (The guy at KOX wouldn't page Celso for me)...

Look, You're A Swell Bunch Of Guys And I've Really Tried To Like That Stupid Name, But It Still Sucks Department: Bliss have just returned from a sell-out show in Toronto (as in, the club was 'sold out', not that the

The Business of Music

Looking for a quick fix on the Music Industry—big or small? Well, the Trebas Institute has put together a star-studded one-day music industry conference that will cover all aspects of the music business from songwriting to production to promotion and more.

"What we're trying to do is do more than CAPAC which goes out just to their membership in their conferences—we're going out to the general public," says organizer Dave Leonard. "There's a lot of people out there writing songs and even producing records who don't know what a 'performing rights organization' is, or what a music publisher is, or how to contact record companies or promote themselves. That's part of what we're doing at the conference—demystifying the industry."

There will be panel discussions and workshops that should help people in all aspects of the industry from the Impact of New Technology on the business to Marketing through the Press, Radio and Video, right down to a workshop critique of demos that people bring to the conference by industry professionals.

"It's really for anyone who wants to learn more about the business—promoters, managers, musicians, producers, administrators, just anyone with an interest," says Leonard. "It's simply a way to amass a lot of knowledge in one day. You could gain 15 years of experience in just a couple of seminars."

Organized as part of the Trebas Institute's tenth anniversary, the conference is for the public and not the industry says Leonard who notes that they'll only break even on the event if all the tickets are sold. The Institute, by the way, began in Montreal a decade ago and has since expanded to Toronto, Ottawa, Vancouver and Los Angeles, being the only Canadian school of any type to be accredited by the American government.

The conferences will be held in both Montreal and Toronto and will feature such high-powered industry types as Tom Noonan, the Associate Publisher of *Billboard Magazine*, Tony Bongiovi who has produced the **Ramones**, **Bonjovi**, **Talking Heads**, **Aerosmith** and countless others at his New York Power Station studios, songwriter Eddie Schwartz and many others.

The Conferences will be held on May 13 in Montreal at the Salle Marie-Gerin-Lajoie, and in Toronto on the 14th at the Ryerson Theatre. Tickets for either conference are \$75. For more information, contact the Trebas Institute at (514) 845-4141 in Montreal, or (416) 966-3066 in Toronto.



5

band was doing Duran Duran covers or something). "It was an Epic Battle of the Cheap Stage Props," says vocalist Iain. "One of the opening bands, **Fumblekin**, had this little fumblekin doll that was kind of like a sock, and we had Mr. Wormy. They filmed it for the WWF and Mr. Wormy won."

Bliss will have released their six-song cassette, recorded recently at the CRSG studios, by the time you read this, and they'll be heading out to the Maritimes at the end of May. The highlight of their recent swing through southern Ontario? "At a truck stop somewhere along the highway we found a vending machine with 'Savage Bliss' and 'Weekend Bliss' condoms," says Iain. "It's now covered with Bliss stickers."

Speaking of the CRSG Studios Department: Some bands who've recently recorded there include the aforementioned Bliss, the **Campbells** doing a five-song demo, **Boing!** with three tunes, **Deja Voodoo** and **Shlonk!** with tracks for the *RearGarde* comp, and a band called **Duke & Co.** New guy in charge is Simon and they still do stuff for \$15 an hour. They'll be going throughout the Summer, says Simon,

BANNED INFO

Capital Punishment



The Whirleygigs.

PHOTO: Shawn Scallen

1969. The Beatles did it. U2 did it. 1989. The Randy Peters followed suit and played on a roof. CFUO (U of Ottawa's) roof that is, for a benefit (sorry Paul) to try and keep tuition rates down. Despite an energetic show, none of the Petes plummeted to a grizzly end, though plenty of TV crews were on hand hopin'.

History does repeat itself. The law stepped in and cut the show short. It seems that the "noise" was disturbing the library. Shucks.

Now that we're on the subject, CFUO finally gets a public hearing from the CRTC on June 27th concerning an FM licence. There's a slew of slimy commercial scum trying to get in so we'd appreciate your support (a letter would be just swell). Oh, did I mention our format? Um... we're going all-Montreal-Underground, all the day and all the night.

A wonderful April Fools' joke was played on our major English daily (the *Citizen*) by Fluid Waffle. The Sunday edition's been running full page colour profiles of local talent. You know the sappy deal: band members, influences, favourite venue, future plans... they sent four imposters. The *Citizen* didn't bother to validate the identities and ho-ho-ho, the joke was on them. Soon after, red-faced editors threatened to sue until they realized the wonderful story that would make, and crawled back into their holes.

Not much happening recording-wise so we'll quick wrap (music please). The Whirleygigs promise the new LP is available as you read this. Crowd Theory has a mini-cassette (Yeah it's only 2mm long) out called *Happy New Day*. Needless to say it doesn't rock. This is Ottawa's lone serious outfit. Cheetah and the Adopted are now a working live band. This'll either make it or break it for them. I'm off to groove with the Streetgirks at their cassette release bash and that's all I know.

Sekerka



The obligatory My Dog Popper shot.

PHOTO: Rula

"We've had a lot of folks asking about renting time, but the only confirmed band is the **Unknown**. And I don't know who they are."

I can't believe he said that.

Captain Crunch and Let's Have An Even Longer Album Title Than The Already Huge Group Name So They Won't Fit On The Spine Of The LP Department: "We recorded everything in the form of a couple of demos and then remixed it all when we heard we had a deal with OG," says Pat of their new LP. "I'm not really sure how it's doing. I wander into Dutchie's every once in a while and they seem to be doing okay, but who knows."

The band did their record launch at Foufounes last month, together with a couple of shows in T.O. and Kingston. Right now they're putting all their efforts into a new video for *Goes Without Saying*. "Yeah, George is footing the bill and I'll owe him for the rest of my life," sez Pat. "But really, it's a lot of disconnected weirdness and not a whole lot of plot. It should be fun."

General All-Around Record Stuff Department: The Northern Vultures had their record release party and—no surprise at all, really—the record wasn't there. It is out now, tho' and its smoking (round, too)... Just when you thought they were gone forever, **Three O'Clock Train** are back with Mack joined by brother Stewart and two members of the **Rheostatics**. And they're spending mucho time recording at the CBC studios. Look for a new LP soon, produced by Kevin Komoda of **Brave New Waves**... The legendary **Condition** record launch is set for the 20th at Club Soda. It's free, but you should pick up invites at the club, CKUT, Dutchy's and other places just in case...

More Vinyl From Those Damaged Brain Cortex Guys: DBC's second LP is set for release in the States on June 16. They're still working on a Canadian record deal that'll hopefully come through so they can hold the release at the same time in Canada.

The album's called *Universe* and it's about "Life, the universe, and drinking beer," sez guitarist Gerry. "We're planning a record release at Foufounes. With the record if everything goes well. But, as you know, these things never happen on time."

Will The Real Broken Smile Please

Play Their Stuff Real Loud Department: After a sabbatical of a year-and-a-half and a move of 14,000 miles from Edmonton to civilization, **Broken Smile** are back and playing gigs in a big way. They're doing two Toronto shows and two Montreal shows this month and then heading down the American West Coast with **SNFU** in June for 30 or 40 shows, and then doing a cross-Canada show after that.

And how did they get all these shows? "We know people, and that's the whole

deal," says Guitarist Brian. "We know these guys in Toronto and we know **SNFU** because we're from Edmonton. Everybody has an album out now and it's really difficult to get shows without one. So we had to jump on this opportunity to play with **SNFU** or play it **Mr. Safe** and put out an album. We didn't want to play it safe—hopefully we'll have enough cash at the end of the tour to put out an album, or a connection that'll do it for us."

And that other lounge-music band called **Broken Smile**? "What we've decided is that we'll just ignore them and wait for them to fade away. Hopefully they'll be gone by the time we come back from tour."

Another Smiley Band—Wot Is This A Trend Or Something?—Department: New band on the scene is something called **Still Smiling** with folks from bands **Chapter 24** and **AKA**. They've got a ten song demo out and a sound they describe as "Commercial rock, but it ain't Loverboy... If people hadn't given pop such a bad name, we wouldn't mind being called pop."

Anyhoo, you can make up yer own mind as they play shows at Station 10 and Le Tycoon this month...

Miscellaneous Fanzine Department: Out of the wilds of Mississauga comes **Confused** fanzine number four. A clean-looking (it's that darn white paper) 18-page hardcore-oriented mag, it's got some nifty interviews with **All**, **DOA**, **MSI** and other bands with more than three letters in their names. Also includes some elpee reviews and a lot of scene info/gossip (sound familiar?). Maximum Rock'n'Roll approach and layout are supplemented by some great photos which really put it over the top. Available around T.O. for a buck or through the mail for \$1.75 from **Joel Robinson, P.O. Box 41054, Rockwood Mall Postal Outlet, 4141 Dixie Road, Mississauga, Ontario, L4W 4X9**.

And that's it for this month's Banned Info. As always, it was compiled from the RearGarde wired services by Paul Gott and J.D. Head. If you've got propaganda to impart, send it down to RearGarde, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal H3G 2N4 or give us a call at (514) 483-5372. Bye.

The Big Show in T.O.

By David James

Last month I joked that having lost their singer **No Mind** should replace him with **Scott Cessena** from **Uncle Sam**. Now it turns out that **Scott** might have been free for that gig after all because the **Samsters** have fired him. The band's official newsletter was sketchy on details, saying only that he was being replaced by bassist **Dave Gentner** while **Dave's** brother **Bill** takes over bass chores.

The handout also maintains that there will be "absolutely no difference". We'll find out for ourselves with the next LP which they're working on now. By the way if you want to get on Uncle Sam's mailing list and impress your parents, write to: 779 Euklid Ave. Toronto M6G 2V3.

As for **No Mind**, their mystery guest singer for the April concert was **Ian Bluton** from **Change of Heart**. However at a later gig drummer **Paul Neuman** found himself holding down vocal chores. The group is currently auditioning singers but when they return to action it will be under a new as yet unknown name. The last ever **No Mind** gig will be May 11 with **Fifth Column** at the **Rivoli**.

Zap City recently found themselves in jail. Why you ask? Was it for drugs, alcohol, fast cars or fire arms? No it was for putting up posters. Gasp! how decadent.

Yes the **Zapsters** are victims of Toronto's draconian no posterizing law. It's part of the cleanup kick we've been on since the economic summit a year back. Other victims of this trend are Toronto's street vendors who also are being hounded off the streets as city council makes a grab for the '92 Olympics. This is the same city council who once banned the **Cure** from playing *Killing An Arab* in order to protect Muslim feelings. Some might call this nickel and dime bullshit and some would agree but it's not nickel and dime to **Zap City**, who stand to be fined 20,000\$.

Blue Rodeo's drummer **Cleave Anderson** left the band to spend more time with his family. **Mark French** ex of **Prairie Oyster** is his replacement.

Lastly there is a disturbing and thus far unconfirmed rumour that the legendary **El Mocombo** club may be closing its door.



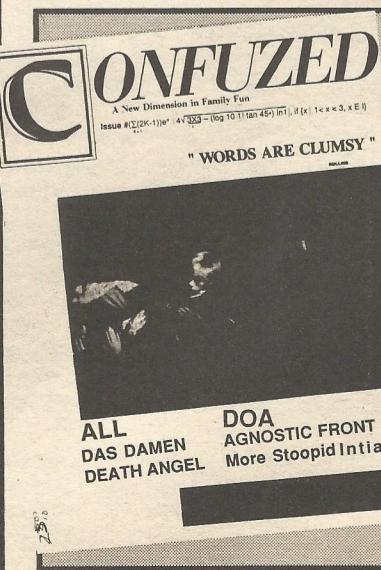
Sudden Impact.

PHOTO: Rula

T.O. MUTTERINGS

Waste Not Want Not: What local cross-over act has recently decided to scrap almost \$600 of recording for what was to be their thundering debut release? Next, say goodbye to their guitar player and hello to a new sound. Seems that times are a changin' for **Disaster**. Are they thinking of changing their name as well? Perhaps something a bit more focused, precise? Is Toronto ready for **Earthquake**? or how does **Mudslide**, **Hurricane** or **Poseidon Adventure** sound. I personally dig **Chicago Fire**. Whatever.

Trash: The **Elmocombo** has played host to numerous greats over the years, thus firmly establishing its reputation as one of Hogtown's rock and roll landmarks. The **Rolling Stones** and **Generation X** played there. But they don't anymore, so the **Elmo** decided a while back to try and cash in on some alternative action, so to speak. The idea of **Garage Days** was born. Ripping off the **Metallica** EP title was only the beginning. The public was next. It was supposed to be a showcase of garage type bands that don't get a chance to play anywhere else. And maybe even get paid. Sounds simple enough. Somewhere, someone must have read garbage, not garage, because I checked it out last week for the first time. I got three cover bands, two of them doing **Triumph's** *Rocky Mountain Way*, and one singer who I swear was **Burton Cummings**. Welcome to the **Blue Zone**.



Kick Out the Jams: What local indie record store recently played host to an impromptu air guitar contest after the **Dinosaur Jr.** show? Word has it that an already out of control in-store bash developed into an all out head banging festival of fun. Among the contestants were all of **Rocktopus**, half of **No Mind**, part of **M.S.I.**.. But where was **J. Mascis**?

Hey Babe!: Walking around the Siboney Club at **Suffer Machine's** big show a while back was a lesson in serious groove. Besides that it was an opportunity to see some bigtime record industry weasels up close. Reps from Island, Enigma, Capitol and Warner were all seen milling around sporting their insignia emblazoned felt baseball jackets. A bunch of thirty five year old guys with hair down to their shoulders thinking they're twenty five. Yeah, right.

Mutterings: "The only thing more unlikely would be finding the Pope in a bath house." That, from the mouth of an anonymous observer wandering amid the endless book stacks of Toronto's enormous **Metro-opolitan Toronto Reference Library**. Was the aforementioned remark made in reference to spotting **William New**, floppy frontman of **Groovy Religion** perusing the library's offerings? On the same day, was **Heiki Sillaste**, extremely blonde member of the electro-dirge duds **Heiki and the Shakes** also spotted in this academic heaven? Is the **Metro Reference** going to gain the 'hip' status that has eluded it for so long?

World Beat (Me Senseless): My God, the keyboard player is only in grade nine! A fact that makes it easier for Pickering's own **Suburban Underground** to blow your mind. And anyone who checked them out at a recent T.O. appearance will verify that. A cross between **Soundgarden** and **Menudo**, I dunno, just plain hot. Now if they could only tune up in less than an hour and a half...

Questions: ...what local singer has admitted to contributing to the city's graffiti problem? Seen with fat paint marker in hand I guess he had no choice, but mum's the word on his nom de plume. Could this be the infamous **Galloch**?

...was none other than **Dinosaur Jr.**'s **J. Mascis** seen flipping through last month's **RearGarde** prior to hitting the stage at **Lee's Palace**? Did not same individual later throw the ish to the ground and use it for the band's set list? **RearGarde**, always at the foot of the music industry.

...are **Guilt Parade** finished recording for their upcoming vinyl release on **Fringe Product**? Is the title of the album really **Coprophobia**?

...have Hogtown heavies **Sudden Impact** finally found a new singer? Yes they have. Word has it that it's **Chris** from Newfoundland's **Skizoid**.

Compiled by Rob Ben and Julius Sinkivius.

PHOTO: Rob

NoMeansNo - literate, intelligent, hysterical, and real funny. *Montreal Mirror*'s Tim Crow sat on the interview with Rob and John. So when you see the name Tim, this is not their guitarist Andy who was missing at the time. Warning: Anything that may sound sexist, fascist, or discriminating was all said in good humour and pure innocence. Keep in mind that there's a lot of laughter going on between questions, so read it 'n' smile!

RearGarde: About your latest album, *Small Parts Isolated and Destroyed* what the hell does that mean?

Rob: What Does that mean? I don't know, it's just in reference to people being encapsulated, alienated and otherwise disposed of. Like people you see driving down the highway to their jobs; There's a million of them and they're all encapsulated in sections, doing their duty for society. They are small parts isolated and they will be disposed of when they are no longer useful! (laughs)

RearGarde: You consider people to be small parts?

Rob: Well that's the way they seem to be considered by most.

RG: Is that how you see yourself?

Rob: Well you know, you get that feeling when you go thru the school system, join a major religion—or a minor one!—or you're employed by a large organization. These things are natural developments from there being too many of us and people not being able to run their own lives. They always need someone to run 'em for them. I'm not saying there's a mass conspiracy to make us all conform...

RG: There is, There is ! !

Rob: ...we want to conform. If you took people away from their cubbyholes they wouldn't know what to do. That's why they're there.

RG: How old are you guys? If you don't mind.

Rob: I'm 35.

John: I'm 27, Andy's turning 26.

RG: Most people your age (Rob) don't even listen to this type of music. Does that alienate you from your peers?

Rob: Well, ever since I was 27 I've hung out with people who were about ten years younger. I felt a part of my generation until I heard the **Ramones**. Then I started playing them a lot to people my age and they went AAAAH!, so I just wandered off into my own thing.

RG: How long have you been **NoMeansNo**?

Tim: Since I was 12!

Rob: Damn, that's true! We've been around a long time. Around 18 years playing together and, as the band is now, six or seven years, with Andy in the band.

RG: There's a one minute song on your new album called *Theresa, Give Me That Knife*. Does that have anything to do with the drummer from the **Butthole Surfers**? Do you know them?

Rob: Naw. That's one of those songs that got put together in about 10 minutes and you know as much about it as I do. I don't know anyone named Theresa, it just came out and the name fit it.

RG: What's in your head when you're thinking ...give me that knife?

Rob: Nothing. Well maybe... A lot of things. People think it's Theresa that's being threatened whereas I always pictured it as the guy

asking for a knife to do himself harm. It's like someone who's at a pinnacle in their life, a realization that comes once in a while. And at that point, when you realize everything from before is not what you thought, a lot of people do crazy things: Jump off roofs, throw their jobs away, move to the Himalayas and smoke dope for 2 years! It's just a moment of realization where anything can happen.

RG: In your songs you seem to come to that point a lot.

Rob: (laughs) We love those high points! We're always reaching for the top of the intensity dial. Whether we succeed or not is another story but that's what makes it exciting for us to play and hope it's exciting for you. (oooooh! ! !)

Tim: Tell them abou your first album.

Rob: Our first record was a New Wave NMN song called *Look Here Come the Wormies*.

RG: What the..?

Rob: It was a big hit with the kids... I mean like four and five year olds!

RG: OK. Tell me about your guitarist.

Rob: Andy was in another band—a really good band, that never got out of Victoria called **The Infamous Scientists** and after awhile John joined them on drums and when they broke up. It's a small scene so Andy ended up playing guitar for us.

John: We still play two-piece material. Try to keep that aspect of the band alive cuz that's what really gave it originality and forms the basis of our style and sound. We started off being minimal, using lyrics and emotion to get the sound across rather than busy guitar playing and whatnot. We played 2 years without a guitarist.

RG: This album sounds a lot better produced.

John: We're getting better at that. We do all our own records.

Rob: We do what we can afford to do. Sometimes it's a matter of money. But with every album we learn more. We do all our album mixing and we all sort of contribute. John's a lot more technically minded, fooling around with buttons. He knows his way along the studio board. Basically we use an engineer to help us get sounds we wanna hear but don't know how to get.

RG: Was it a conscious effort to lengthen

your songs and become more of a hard rock sound?

Rob: At a certain age in the band the songs just tended to become epics and I think we're gonna get away from that. The next record may even be more than four songs a side!

RG: My God! Basically we try to stay fresh and try to do things as they need doing.

Rob: Like if we're doing a jazzy song, we don't question if it's very NMN—we just make it as jazzy as possible and do it.

John: Hard-core

NMN fans learn to

expect the unexpected. The new album is going to be a new potpourri of songs for people who're into the band because it'll be something different again. We don't write for any particular audience, we basically write for ourselves and get a lot of feedback from friends. The nature of our music is something you have to come and enjoy or ignore. It's not like the latest, greatest rock band or metal band. We were able to purchase in Victoria.

Rob: It's really good coming from there because it took a long time to get across the ways to Vancouver, because they're very separate scenes. So we played in a familiar environment and learned our mistakes so by

NO MEANS NO



the time we hit the road we were really formed as a band.

RG: Do you feel influenced at all by the west coast States scene? LA?

Rob: No, we never really felt at home there. That's probably why we ended up on the Alternative Tentacles label from San Francisco who are also rather out in the cold as an independent label. They don't really align with any sort of movement.

RG: How did that come about?

Rob: It was very personal, we went down and played to about 20 people at the Biz Club.

John: Jello (Biafra) signed us.

Rob: He makes all the final decisions, doesn't sign anyone he hasn't seen personally.

RearGarde: Is he cool?

John: You would have to say that he is paranoid, and neurotic, but he's also very intelligent and very nice and very dedicated to what his beliefs are.

Rob: We've actually done some recording with him for this movie-type thing he's in. We ended up being the **Dead Kennedys** for one song that wasn't included in one of his earlier albums.

It was really funny—it was called *Jesus Was A Terrorist* and you could hear Jello during practice saying "I want that a little faster boy!" It was really fun—he's a perfectionist too. I can see how he'd be hard to work with, but people like that usually know what they want and don't accept less. That makes him a bit of a bastard sometimes, maybe, but it also makes him good. So I don't mind when people are picky or obstinate.

RearGarde: Are you a perfectionist?

Rob: Yeah, we argue a lot when we're recording. Usually we respect each other's opinions but don't really take into account whatever anyone else around might think (laughs).

three-chord tunes. It was originally a **Hanson Brothers** song but it was too good so we stole it from them. (*This is a joke people*). The only thing I can cue into that is that I saw a show on *60 Minutes* about a kid and his sister who waited for their father one day in the garage and blew him away with a shotgun.

John: Coz they were abused.

Rob: Everyone has had the experience of violence by an authority figure on as helpless victim. That's a personal image but the political connotations drawn from it are the same fear and control that happens on a societal as well as personal level.

John: It's not a didactic song. We're not judging anyone. It's told from the eyes of the kid and it's not like "Whoa whoa, abusing your children is bad." It's just a little story which creates far more imagery to the listener than an unfeeling 'don't abuse your children, it's bad' song, everyone knows that. You get the emotion of the act rather than the intellectualizing. It's really up to the listener.

Rob: The thing that ties the music together is the personal feeling. That's the grade we use—we have to care about it.

John: We intellectualize all the time but it would mean nothing if we didn't let our emotions out while we were playing.

Rob: It's a simple song, simple imagery, music statements that are personally felt and energetically, intensely played. I think that's what Punk Rock is all about.

Tim: You guys a Punk Rock band?

Rob: Well, I always thought we were. That's the only label I like, anyway.

John: Actually we're not Punk Rock at all. We play music that's one block from rock—High Volume Minimalistic Post Punk Art Funk Jazzy Rock Fusion.

RearGarde: Whoa! (*You said it—ed.*) You think you'll ever get tired of being a cult band, and go out there and find a big producer and have him make you famous.

John: We'd like to sell a lot more records but it would have to be done with what we're doing now.

RearGarde: Well, it doesn't matter coz you're being called the hottest Cool band in Canada right now.

Rob: Omigawd.

John: Well, we've had good shows this year. Maybe this'll be our key year and next year everyone'll be bored of us. It's the shows—whatcha see is what ya get.

RearGarde: What do you think about bands here on the East Coast?

Rob: I like **Third Man In**. We played with them in Toronto. They're a good band.

John: Green. Very young band. **Rocktopus**, I haven't seen them lately but they're a good band. We're not that in touch with the East Coast. Bands we know about are the ones we play with like **My Dog Popper**.

Rob: The last thing I wanna do when I'm not doing this is go out to a club and see a band.

RearGarde: What do you do besides being **NoMeansNo**?

Rob: I'm a busboy-dishwasher-waiter at the Ad Lib cafe on Yates Street in Victoria. If you want a really good lunch for a reasonable price...

John: I cook, too. But for the last six months I've been working in construction, raising some money to buy a new drum set. Andy just collected welfare for a while, but he's also worked selling paint.

RearGarde: Okay, he's the **RearGarde** question: If you could be any flavour of ice cream, which one would you be and why?

Rob: I'd be vanilla because I've been white all my life and that's the only thing I know how to be. (*Remember, laughter...*)

John: Oh man, I don't eat ice cream, what flavours are there?

Rob: Say neapolitan 'coz we're going to Naples, Europe to tour in two months.

John: Fifty-one shows in 58 days, 14 countries. Then we'll come back, play Montreal, go back home and record the new album. *Whew! Busy boys—and sooooo oral.*

Interview conducted by Rula.



abused as a child because everyone's been told off or put in their place. I really wrote that song in a series of five other Ramones-clone songs that we were just putting together for a Fuck Band just to play some fun

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Well, whatcha know? **RearGarde** doin' an interview at the Montreal Forum. Then again, it was those rock 'n roll pussycats **Metallica**. Much confusion occurs and several deadlines are missed, but the interview finally happens after the show with the band's new bass guy, **Jason Newsted**. Onwards...

RearGarde: What has been the group's reaction to the whole Grammy thing?

Jason: It was a huge honour to be nominated in the first place. It's the highest honour you can have, as far as the big-wigs are concerned. The same day they told us they got nominated, twelve hours later, they asked us if we would play. It was a huge thing, and we said "Yeah, we'll play, no problem at all." It was the first year for the category, and it was a real big thing for us to be able to play our kind of music on their kind of show. We were really over-confident. Everyone was patting us on the back and saying, "You guys got it wrapped up." The president of Chrysalis records—that's **Tull's** label—called **Ian Anderson** of **Jethro Tull** and said don't bother showing up, because **Metallica** have got it locked up. When the announcement came down, you could tell I was surprised—was there a typo?—I didn't know what the hell was going on. There was booing and everything in front of the TV. We were disappointed for about five minutes, and then we realized who the people were who nominated us, and who the people were who actually voted. It was their first year and they were really clueless about this kind of music scene. We played good, you know, and with fifty million people watching... I was very surprised at the response when we came on. There was a bog roar—it was crazy. We got on there and people were looking around and there was **Joe Cochran**, **Stevie Wonder**, and **Quincy Jones**. All these people going "Holy Shit", you know. It was a cool thing.

RearGarde: How's the tour going?

Jason: So far we've done about 120 dates on this *Justice* tour. We've been pretty busy doing a lot of stuff. There were only three shows that weren't too good, the rest have been right in there. I'd say it's been very successful. Not a whole lot of tours are being successful right now, economically and otherwise. So we're an exception I guess.

RearGarde: With all the media attention you're getting from the album, are you personally satisfied with it?

Jason: I'm not, personally. Every time you do something you always say two weeks later that you could have done a few things differently. It's all about the learning and progressing. It's now a matter of what's gonna happen on the next record. It came out fine for what we were after at the time. The ideas we had for production came out that way so it's cool, but next time we'll do it differently.

RearGarde: Was there anything specific?

Jason: Yeah, bass. The bass way fucking louder. The idea behind the production was that it would sound good on everybody's stereo. Not just 'Bob Rich Guy' who has the \$40,000 Nakamichi setup which everything sounds good on. It was designed for the kids who have their boom box, or a cheaper stereo. It was designed with them in mind. So they could still crank it and it would sound OK. It wouldn't be bottoming out. So I guess it came out the way we wanted it to.

RearGarde: What about you're former band, **Flotsam & Jetsam**? Are you still doing gigs with them?

Jason: I offered to help them, but it was quite a while ago. They made the right decision, I think, by saying they want to do it on their own. They don't want my name to be on there just to help them out. They got dropped from **Electra**, about half a year ago or something. They've signed with a new label, I don't know what it is. They are trying to get it together—I just hope they hurry up. They are known, but they have to re-prove themselves again. We'll see what

happens. They are writing some real cool stuff, as I understand, and the new bass player they've got is a real good musician.

RearGarde: How was the transition from **F&J** to **Metallica**? How did you get along with the other band members? Have there been any rough times, or any initiation?

Jason: There was one instance. The first eight months was a huge test—a big torture session for me more or less. Not just the band guys, but everyone in the family. Everyone in the organization was testing me in every little way. I always had to be on my toes. I'm really glad that it went that way. I wouldn't have wanted it any other way, because they had to know what I was going to be able to deal with and to take it—that I was the one. We had just gotten to New York, after the Japanese tour that I started with them. I'd been in the band for about three and a half weeks by then. The **Misfits** guys had been hanging out in Manhattan, where you can drink 'til five or something. They'd been out raging, and they came knocking on my door. I wouldn't answer it, you know. So eventually, they kick the door down, 'cause they're all burly. They came in and took the bed, a big double bed, flipped it over on top of me and got all the furniture and piled it on top of the bed. They took all my tapes, and threw some out the window. They threw my shit everywhere—my shaving cream and toothpaste, they squirted it all over the room. And then they said "See ya". It took three minutes for me to crawl out of there, with hundreds of pounds on top of me. When I looked up they were long gone and the door was still open. The place was all bashed up. It was chained, locked and they broke the frame of the door and everything. That was a nice little thing to do.

RearGarde: Should **James Brown** be pardoned? Should **Elvis** get a stamp before **Buddy Holly**? (It should be noted that he was wearing a Sun Records t-shirt during the interview. His answer was no surprise.)

Jason: **Elvis**, yea, should get a stamp before **Buddy Holly**. No I don't think **James** should be pardoned, I really don't. He's done plenty of things and got away with them up until now. He hasn't got it right. He's staying in a place with a bunch of old, sick people, and he's still getting his shit anyways. It's about his time. I think it's a little bit out of hand, because of who he is it doesn't make him any different from anyone else. It comes down to "...And Justice For All" doesn't it? I mean, I like **James Brown** a lot, that's the kind of stuff I listen to. I listen to a lot of Motown, but it's just not right. He gets high on dust, and goes driving around endangering other people's lives and shooting his wife, or whatever. It's about time he got settled down a bit, suppressed a little bit. So NO, there you go.

RearGarde: You helped to write on song on the album, I believe. Do you often contribute to the writing?

Jason: I kinda got in on the tail end of the writing. The writing is an on-going thing, it's constant. Through the tour everyone has their recording Walkmans, or whatever, and they record riffs. Tapes get built up from riff oriented stuff. A lot of the songs that were on the "...Justice..." album were written on the **Monster Tour**.

RearGarde: Everyone's fave senators' wives? The **PMRC**?

Jason: I wouldn't give them the time of day. I wouldn't sit down with them. I don't give a shit about them. They are looking for someone else to blame because their kids are going through fases. They don't have any kind of hold on us, any kind of bite. They misunderstood about "Monsters". They gave us a lot of trouble about it. In '86, it was number 15 on their fifteen most offensive albums. If they had any clue what was going on, they would see that it was totally against drug abuse, manipulation by government, by army, by whoever it was. It was definitely a positive thing for 'do what you wanna do', and do it without all these other people telling you what to do. They see it as, "Oh my God, these guys are

pushing drugs on the kids." I wouldn't give these guys the time of day because of that.

RearGarde: Do kids take any of that Satanism crap seriously?

Jason: I think some of the bands are so blatant about some of the Satan stuff. It's pretty ignorant to begin with. It doesn't have much direction as far as the kids are concerned. It's really kinda negative. No, I don't think there are too many kids that take it seriously. I think there are a lot who would really like you to think they do, but when it comes right down to it, they're scared to shit. Pentagrams from each ear and from their nose—they are just doing that to get attention, or 'cause they think it's cool. I find it really hard to believe that they feel it inside.

RearGarde: How does it feel to be Top 40?

Jason: I can't really get a grip on it. I try not to think about the numbers. It's a great thing that we're cutting through, and getting all the attention and recognition that we're getting, but I try not to pay attention to all that stuff... You can get too caught up in that and really not think about what you're supposed to be thinking about.

RearGarde: How long before the next album?

Jason: A long wait. This tour goes until November, and then we're going to take some time off. After 18 months of touring, pretty much everywhere in the World in which it's possible to tour, we deserve a break. When the writing comes around, it'll come around. Whenever we write the album, whenever we make it that's when we will.

RearGarde: From *Garage Days Revisited* to ...*Justice*... to the next. Where's the progression going?

Jason: The EP and the album are day and night. The EP was cover tunes—it was more a silly low budget 'just go in and do it and that's good enough', that was the attitude. It was just a fun thing. The album was, of course, as serious as it gets. There was much more concentration and much more conviction. We were doing it more seriously. The EP was for just fun, the album was for real... The EP came out exactly like it was supposed to, which a lot of things don't really do. You can't always pull off stuff like you want to. I think the happy-go-lucky, easy fun attitude that the EP put across that was exactly what we were trying for.

RearGarde: There are a couple of punk bands that have come out in the last year or so who are obviously listening to you.

Jason: The bands that are very obviously influenced by **Metallica**—I try to look at it as flattery more than anything else. I don't look at it negatively, because no one is original anyway. Nobody's been original for two thousand years, you know, it's just a matter of being so blatant about some things. I think that you could find at least a little bit of your own self into it instead of copying something exactly. I try not to look at it too seriously. Eventually it's all going to come out in the wash anyway. A couple of years ago when there were all these millions of thrash bands and they all sound the same. These bands have all kinda filtered themselves out. The bands that could actually write some songs, that were actually playing and meant it, they're still around. The people that were doing it because they like to jump on the wagon, the people that weren't for real have fallen by the wayside now. That's the answer to everything—if you mean it, it's gonna come out; if not, you're just gonna fall back and make pizzas, or whatever. It's pretty obvious—if you mean it and you're determined enough, you'll get there.

RearGarde: Are you having fun?

Jason: A lot of fun. More fun than any of you guys.

RearGarde: Damn right, but you didn't have to say it.

Jason: Sorry, man, sorry.

Interview conducted by **Dave Bush** of radio **CKRK**.

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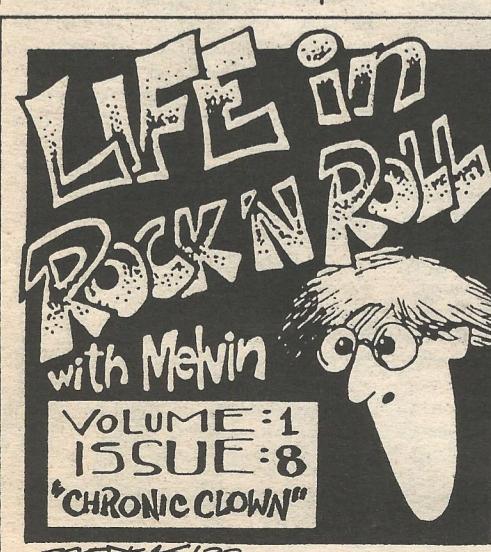
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Chairman of the Board

PHOTO: Shawn Scallen

by Athana Mentzelopoulos and Shawn Scallen

All over, men are born free. And **Mykel Board** lives without chains. Or, at least, he would like to have us think he lives without chains. "It's really liberating being an asshole because you can do what you want," says Board. He leads a punk band, runs a record label, publishes a record review magazine, writes freelance pornography; but his most prolific activity in the American underground music scene is writing "You're Wrong", a monthly column for *MaximumRockNRoll* fanzine—the punk rock Bible.

It is through his column that Board pisses off the majority of the left-wing magazine's readership. In a very confrontational and sexist/racist writing style, Board slams anarchists, socialists, vegetarians, feminists and homosexuals. His attacks vary from the direct—as with a recent article aimed at animal lovers which discussed bestiality (which animals were the best and why), to the indirect—using metaphors like "it was less likely than a watermelon at a Klan rally."

Over the last five years, his column has become one of the most popular in the magazine. Of all *MaximumRockNRoll* columnists, **Board** receives the most fan/hate mail. "You're Wrong" is the column most readers admit they turn to first. **Board** is a writer whom people love to hate.

"Sometimes it's hard because people, when they meet you for the first time, hate you. But a lot of times the people that hate me are the people who don't get it. And I don't really want to know them anyway. I think I'm ideology-free."

That he is "ideology-free" is a theme Board pursues through much of his writings and, with his punk band **Artless**, his music. Board first got into the punk scene in 1974, when he saw **The New York Dolls**. It was there that he was informed that 'glitter' was dead and 'punk rock' had taken its place. At first, Board was just a spectator of the genre—taking pictures at New York shows and discreetly acquainting himself with the members of various bands. What he saw compelled him to get involved.

"I saw a lot of things I liked and I decided I couldn't really just hang around the sides taking pictures anymore. I had to do something. That's when I jumped in, which was about 1979. That's when I had my first band. It was called **Art**."

Art was an 'anti-punk' band, inspired by **Lydia Lunch** and the **No New York** genre of bands that rebelled against the punk groups. They combined minimal (if any) instrumentation and angry, anarchical ranting on the part of the 'singer'. In addition, they were, as 'anti-artists', known for being pretentious and extreme.

Board's goal at the time was to create a band that was as outrageous and snotty as possible. In the beginning, the only instrument was a metronome, accompanied by a screaming Board. **Art** was subtitled 'The Only Band In The World' in order to reinforce the pretentious image. "It was great," says Board. "I got thrown off the stage. I got hit with a pie. I got in a couple of fights. It was a lot of fun."

Art progressed through to 1981, incrementally accruing such paraphernalia as a couple of guitarists and a female vocalist. "Art lasted through 1981, when hardcore started coming out and I started liking hardcore music and wanted to do something else," says Board. "**Artless** was the logical extension. I wanted to have a real band. I got tired of screaming with nothing behind it."

Board started assembling a more traditional band—drums, electric and bass guitars, vocalists—the works. "The original concept of **Artless** was to have every song be the same music—just with different lyrics and different tempos," he says. "At the time I liked the feel of hardcore, because it had so much power, but I hated the tight ideology—stuck in this left-wing, brainless *MaximumRockNRoll* thing, even back then."

in '81. So I wanted to start an anti-punk punk band—a republican punk band. That's how **Artless** started out."

Because five of the original six members of **Artless** were Jewish, **Board** toyed with the idea of naming his band 'The Christkillers'. It's one controversy he seems to have avoided. However, **Artless** did play as opening act for the band **Half-Japanese** under the monicker 'Five-sixths Jewish'. Today, after three albums, **Artless** is "in a state of flux". Of the former members, one is a college student, one a writer at *Spin Magazine*, and two are nowhere to be found. **Board** is a contributor to *Penthouse* and a columnist at *MaximumRockNRoll*.

Board got involved with *MaximumRockNRoll* after reading an interview

ing obscene lyrics on stage. Through the mail, **Allin** sells paintings, etched with his own blood, and bags of semen. He has threatened to kill himself live on stage sometime in 1989. This suicide promise does not seem to alarm **Board**. "If he does, I hope he does it in a pretty spectacular way and takes a bunch of people with him."

On a number of occasions, **Board** has been attacked by various interest groups. For example, this past summer, at an anarchists' gathering in Toronto, he was confronted by "the feminists and the vegetarians", who tore off his shirt and smeared pro-feminist slogans on his body—an example of which was: "I support the struggle of oppressed wimyn everywhere." He was tackled later that day and force-fed tofu and spinach by the vegetarian contingent at the gathering.

And while his printed attacks against

unique form of love towards their country—inevitably, it requires an elementary concept of attachment to one's 'motherland'.

According to **Board**, "I am convinced now that America is the cultural centre of the world. The Europeans at best take American culture and put fancy clothes on it and then sell it back to America and say it's British. Just like punk rock. The best thing about America is everybody has culture. It makes for much more alive culture. I think it's something special. And it's given a lot to the world."

The irony lies in the fact that patriotism and national culture are intrinsically bound up with more traditional ideological frameworks, of the sort that **Board** so earnestly attempts to avoid.

At 39, **Board** may not seem to be 'acting his age'. His answer is in keeping with his ideology: "It's a question of looking around and seeing what people my age are doing. It's pretty disgusting, generally. So I have

with its editor, **Tim Yohannan**, in *Ripper* fanzine. "I thought he came off as a complete asshole. I hated the guy. I wrote a letter to *Ripper* that came out as a full page in the magazine, saying what a jerk I thought the guy was." **Yohannan** replied to **Board**'s letter with answers to some of the criticisms. When they met, shortly after this exchange, **Yohannan** asked **Board** to write for him. "I like the guy personally now," **Board** says. "I think his politics are fucked. But I like him, as a human being I like the guy. He's a friend."

It is with *MaximumRockNRoll* that **Board** is allowed to express his controversial views, and he lashes out against everyone who doesn't share his beliefs. His columns are never censored for their content but instead, merely as a result of his editor's idiosyncrasies. "Twice I've been censored, both times because I mentioned **John Crawford**, the guy who draws *Baboon Dooley*," says **Board**. "He's a cartoonist that's having a fight with Tim Yohannan. He's completely banned from *MaximumRockNRoll*, even the mention of his name. I even tried to sneak it in so that if you read the first letter of every line it would spell it out. It didn't work."

According to **Yohannan**, "Faithfully, every month, he (**Board**) submits his latest sicko ideas to us for publication, testing my promise to give him an uncensored outlet. And without fail, **Mykel** raises the hackles on our readers' backs, doing so with a combination of wit, literary style, intelligence, fabrication, unbelievable idiocy—the **Ed Anger** of punk rock."

Board cites **Anger** as one of his primary influences. "For writers, **Ed Anger** of course is my No. 1. He wrote a column called 'My America' for *The Weekly World News*. He was obviously some stoned hippy, but he pretended to be this right-wing zealot, and a lot of my style is copied from his, because his columns were really brilliant parodies of themselves." Ever-modest, **Board** goes on to include **Jonathan Swift** as one of his influences.

Another one of **Board**'s heroes is **G. G. Allin**, about whom he says: "He is the heart of rock and roll. He is the most important rock and roll person in existence right now. I think the guy is great. I wouldn't want him to sleep in my apartment, but I think rock and roll would not be the same without him." **G. G. Allin** is known for masturbating and urinating on his audience and rant-

ically the blind following of ideology, which I think too many people do," says **Board**. "That's why people get angry. Because I challenge the fundamental things that they have taken for granted and I say, 'no, no, no, what you think is wrong'. And that shakes up people. Certain things are just part of your nature. You come to believe them and it's very stable and it makes you live very well, because you know the answer," says **Board**. "When somebody challenges those answers that you've always known, it shakes people up and it makes them angry."

Board feels a responsibility to relieve the masses of their weighty personal ideologies. "If there's a purpose, it's to pull the easy-chair out from comfortable people. That's what I see myself doing. People who are confident in themselves, stop thinking, stop doing stuff. I want to be like the stick up the butt that makes them say, 'Okay, let's think about this'. I don't really care about being happy. Everybody says, 'Do what you want as long as you're happy.' I don't think it's any great shakes being happy. So that's not important. I think what's important for me is the stuff I've never done before."

Board exhaustively proclaims his contention that he is "ideology-free". However, ideology is defined as a regimented thought process, and this is exactly what **Board** exhibits with his unrelenting insistence on outrageous proclamations, both in his writing and music and in conversation. It is evident, therefore, that **Board**, in the same manner that he created an "anti-punk punk band", has created an "anti-ideology" ideology.

"I'm in favor of permitting anything," says **Board**. "I believe in a free exchange of ideas. If somebody has a right to say something, I have as much right to say the opposite. Then the one that is best proved, most logical, most thought-out, and seen by most will win. It's only when somebody suppresses one side, or the other side, or both sides that any side can conquer."

The potency of his "ideology" is best illustrated in tandem with this sometimes-extreme patriotism, creating an irony that is difficult to reconcile. Patriotism is by definition an ideology. It demands an established thought pattern that allows for love of one's country. Although patriotism can be personalized—individuals exhibit a

such groups are frequent and vicious, he claims to "have friends". "A really good friend of mine is a lesbian feminist. And I have a lot of friends who are vegetarians."

So far **Board** has been made aware of two contemplated attempts on his life. "I was more frightened than a gerbil on 'animal appreciation night' in the local homo bar," wrote **Board** in his column in January. "I wouldn't have believed it, if I hadn't heard it from such trustworthy sources. I'm not even sure I want to tell you about it. It might give you ideas."

Although it has thus far resulted in these two death threats, **Board** remains rigorous in his condemnation of rigid patterns. "My goals would be to attack ideology, espe-

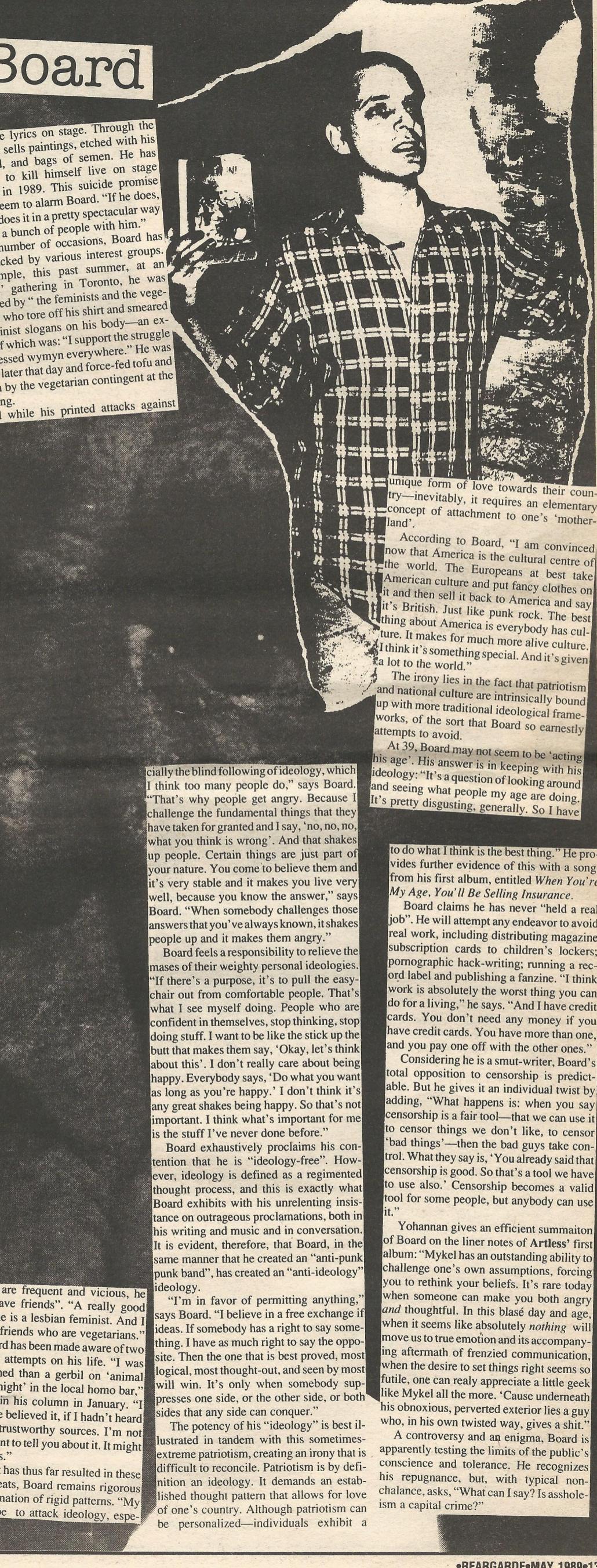
to do what I think is the best thing." He provides further evidence of this with a song, from his first album, entitled *When You're My Age, You'll Be Selling Insurance*.

Board claims he has never "held a real job". He will attempt any endeavor to avoid real work, including distributing magazine subscription cards to children's lockers; pornographic hack-writing; running a record label and publishing a fanzine. "I think work is absolutely the worst thing you can do for a living," he says. "And I have credit cards. You don't need any money if you have credit cards. You have more than one, and you pay one off with the other ones."

Considering he is a smut-writer, **Board**'s total opposition to censorship is predictable. But he gives it an individual twist by adding, "What happens is: when you say censorship is a fair tool—that we can use it to censor things we don't like, to censor 'bad things'—then the bad guys take control. What they say is, 'You already said that censorship is good. So that's a tool we have to use also.' Censorship becomes a valid tool for some people, but anybody can use it."

Yohannan gives an efficient summation of **Board** on the liner notes of **Artless**' first album: "Mykel has an outstanding ability to challenge one's own assumptions, forcing you to rethink your beliefs. It's rare today when someone can make you both angry and thoughtful. In this blasé day and age, when it seems like absolutely nothing will move us to true emotion and its accompanying aftermath of frenzied communication, when the desire to set things right seems so futile, one can really appreciate a little geek like **Mykel** all the more. 'Cause underneath his obnoxious, perverted exterior lies a guy who, in his own twisted way, gives a shit."

A controversy and an enigma, **Board** is apparently testing the limits of the public's conscience and tolerance. He recognizes his repugnance, but, with typical nonchalance, asks, "What can I say? Is assholism a capital crime?"





PHOTOS: Big Daddy Kane by Rula; Metallica by Shawn Scallen; REM by Shawn Scallen; Henry Rollins by Shawn Scallen.

Big Daddy Kane
James Lyng High School
March sometime

Is it Def or what? The show was one big lawng unabridged drill, unadulterated groove-movement and literal rhythm. Is this what the book meant by "oral literature"? Oral definitely and, better still, this was rap as only Kane was able.

That's right Kane, as in Big Daddy: The man who was *Raw* in *Colors* and nothing short of tawl at James Lyng High. After inevitable crowd cajoling, Kane's showmanship proved to be passionate and assuring (she writin' white again). There weren't a better reason to be swayin' in a sea of arms, a wave conducted by Kane and his bouncin' boys, human brackets, undulating epileptics carrying Kane's staff. Mm-mm, it was a big one.

Miss **Freaky Dee** made an appearance and heated up the crowd with some bad-ass talk 'bout fuckin' and fuckin'. Took a while though. Think the only word the crowd understood was fuckin' and fuckin'...

Susanne and Rula

Lesson of Vigilance, Unknown, Pale Priest of the Mute People, The Trapt, Northern Vultures

L'Alambic De L'Est
April 22

ok so like i went 2 dis concert cuz like dis wuz probly my last chance 2 see a decent moshin' gig cuz i'm like condemned 2 fuckin' kingston fer 4our fuckin' shit months [click].

group arrangement. There was even a four-song EP on sale to commemorate the experience for the price of a beer.

And so, confronted with such a cross-section of punk aesthetic, I looked forward to **The Northern Vultures**, the night's biggest offering—both in terms of notoriety and physical stature—to provide me with some sort of summary. Unfortunately, the liquor license time limit reared its ugly head (for lack of a more appropriate metaphor) to cut their set short; the band played regardless. Perhaps in this act lies my summary of punk ideology [click]

yeah p.s. like i shood mention dat dis wuz a benefit for like Animal Liberation an' dey had buttons and the whole thing but like tho i ain't no vegeterian or nuthin i still had a fuckin' 'A' time.

Dave McIntyre, The Man Who Murdered Elvis

Captain Crunch and Let's Do Lunch
Foufounes

April 5th

As I sat at that historic landsite Foufounes, gawking at the incredible overhaul of the club I expected to see a full house at the free Lunch with Captain Crunch, but noooooo!

Seeing it was their record launch, the band managed to climb on stage ever so quietly so as to pull off some powerfull crunch with the first songs. It was as if I was having flashbacks of ye ole Punk Rock and Happy Days. You know, you would feel like getting up and doing the pogo without someone beating the shit out of ya!

solos so tight it'll make you grit your teeth. Only setback is maybe country rock is not 'in' with the youth of today, I would suggest J.R.'s. (right Patrick)

Then Big Green Shelter was up—a young band, but a happy family. These persons, who are formerly **S.O.T.D.**, **Hodads**, etc. do the purest of the pure: Rock'n'Roll. They remind you of those memorable days of "Stuck Behind Bars" (Stripping on Mars) as they sing. The best way to describe 'em is as follows.

It's a *Foggy Night*, you find yourself a seedy bar. You sit back, letting your soul move to the groove of the Blues—The Green Shelter Blues. All the trash of a hard days work buzzing through your head only to find the blues seeping, clawing at your mind. While Big Green Shelter flushes your shitty day right through your a-hole. The 60's twist to the Rock'n'Roll Blues makes it all the worthwhile to sit in the bar alone and listen to the Big Shelter Blues.

Domenic Castelli

Metallica, Queensryche
Montreal Forum

instrumental version of **Hendrix**' *Little Wing*. At this point it seemed the band was lightening up on the intensity and just trying to have some fun. The final song was the only cover song of the night; a wickedly deadly version of **Budgie**'s *Bredddfan*.

It would certainly be rude of me not to mention opening act **Queensryche**. I'll probably piss a few thousand people off by saying this but I thought they sucked. Maybe it's because I don't know their music that well but some muscle-head runnin around in spandex singing in a screeching falsetto just ain't my thang. They've been around for a long time and judging by the number of T-shirts and jackets in the crowd bearing their logo and their fans enthusiastic reaction, I guess they put on a good show. But they ain't Metallica by a long shot.

Zippy

Portable Ethnic Taxi, Pig Farm
Cafe Campus

April 12

Being the avant garde type of reviewer I am, I decided to see the opening band. That particular tradition was always just an excuse to get drunk elsewhere anyway.

Portable Ethnic Taxi took the stage in front of a small crowd at 10 PM. They're a talented three man band who play a hybrid of fuzz guitar and vocal harmony; power pop with auspiciously funky beat. The band's set was tight and energetic, you could not have expected more. But you could have expected less... less theatrics and cute tricks for example. Being some-

resembled the Talking Heads, Stipe seemed rather Byrne-ish starting the show off in a oversized overcoat and continued choreographically with quirky moves and jogging several miles on the spot.

R.E.M. were adequate, but not worth the \$22.50 ticket price. To quote **Public Enemy**—don't believe the Stipe.

Richard Head

The Replacements

(some public high school gym) **Burlington, Vermont**

March 29

"Bob & Tom & John's Excellent Adventure"

Tom rings up and and says he's gotta cheap rental to go see **The Replacements** in Vermont, alls he needs is my dad's plastic money. Cool dude, let's cruise. Better bring Bob 'cause he'll wank us if we don't. Bitchin'. Let's stock up on Canadian brews, it'll get us babes down south. No doubt.

So now we're on this campus and everyone's stanned to the kneecap and Tom's head is doin' 360's. We show our brew and get quick invites to a party. We screech downtown and liquify on well drinks whenever possible. Bob guzzles not so well drinks, he ain't choosy.

After a dull party, we pooh-pooh the place and tumble to the hall of sound. The shit hits the fan. Overall-Paul and tuxedo-Tommy and Chris and Slim crunch some mean versions of never to be classics and we're swaying more than them. Awesome. Bob disappears. Tom and me join a slam-

min' oval and lose our too-cool specs.

A lot of *Tim, Please to Meet Me* and the new stuff are covered. *I Don't Know* and *I.O.U.* shake the basketball bleachers. They cover *Wreckless Eric* and a sappy 70's ballad. Rad.

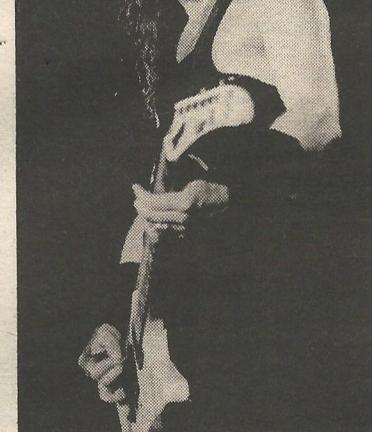
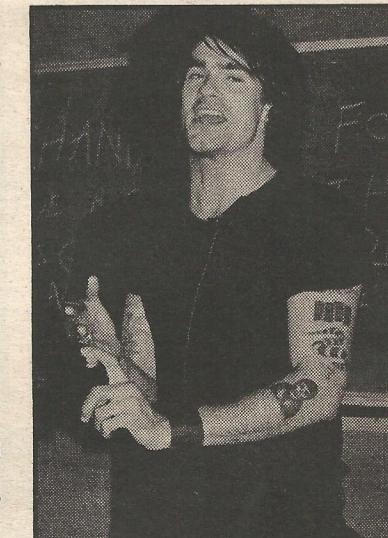
Now they start screwin' up. Paul butchers tunes after three seconds if they ain't goin' in his particular direction. Slim messes up. "I'm the rhythm guitarist, you're the lead guitarist!" orders Paul. Maybe there'll be fists flyin' and Slim'll become Bobby. Paul keels over and stays put for the rest of the show. They encore with *Alex Chilton* and leave us extremely parched. Back to the well and that's all I can remember. Excellent.

John Sekerka

Jump in The Pool
Station 10

April 18

Having a pre-conceived idea that Station 10 was frequented by Goths and 2nd generation punks gobbing at 2nd generation greasers with paper guitars, I was impressed by the personable atmosphere of the place.



April 12

With no airplay or (up until recently) virtually no commercial promotion behind them, **Metallica** has managed to become a huge "underground" success strictly on the strength of their music.

An almost sold out show at the Forum is testimony to the band's ability to reach a large cross-section of youth culture with a social conscience.

But enuff pseudo-socio-bullshit contextualization already. The main reason for such success is that Metallica are about the best, thrashiest, rockinest band around! They totally blew ear drums and minds right from the opening song, *Blackened* of their latest ...and *Justice for All* album.

I'm never one to remember the order of songs during a band's set, but Metallica ripped through many tunes off all five of their records.

For Whom the Bell Tolls, *Master of Puppets*, *Seek and Destroy*, *Am I Evil* and more were delivered with incredibly intense passion by James Hetfield and co.

Certainly in most cases the live versions of the songs make the album cuts sound pretty limp indeed. Max power and volume propelled the intensity and whipped the audience into quite a frenzy of thrashin' and dancin' and just totally groovin' in general. I was on the floor about 10 or 15 rows in front of the soundboard and the music was right in my fuckin' face! No distortion, just incredible sound and mix rarely experienced in an arena atmosphere. The members of Metallica don't talk much between songs. They don't wear flashy outfits. The stage show consisted of only a few explosions of smoke and lights and a giant, blind Justice of Liberty statue that was constructed, then demolished during the show.

The band members run around stage playing and actin' cool but all the energy is channelled into the music. And music they played—for over two hours. This included three encores. In the first one they fucked with the audience's heads by starting tunes and doing a verse, then stopping and starting another. Included here was a happenin'

They sang a sort of love story *Better Than That* of how you are walkin' along and see a puppy, you go to pet it only to be attacked by three other dogs as they in protection knash at your brains.

To describe them, they had a bit of punk rock, 60's garage and a wee bit of country. (Just one song, O.K.?) They were tight raunchy, hip hop pogo kind of band. What's even better is they have a new album out, so do something good to yourself, get it while they have it.

Domenic Castelli

Scraps, Big Green Shelter
Station 10

April 23rd

I would like to describe this show as, "The night when only the guy from *Rear-Garde* came." Okay, except for a few Minstrel fans. What happened, was The Minstrels backed out, so Scraps and Big Green Shelter came to the rescue.

Scraps was up first, they pulled a good country rock groove. They put their body and soul into their own tunes. It's as if, if you had a real shitty day, you drag yourself up to a barstool, look over to see Scraps play, and you'd say to yourself "Hey fuck, life goes fucking on!!!"

This band, as young as they are, have

thing of a purist, I like to see bands stick to music.

Pig Farm trucked in from the vast agricultural expanses of southern Ontario. They brought with them a country twinged, post punk power rock'n'roll (I love making up pigeon holes). Two guys and one girl got on stage and kicked into some of the best tunes I've heard in a while. They had soul, they had feeling, they had that telltale country twang. Most of all they rocked hard.

The band played for more than an hour, sticking mostly to originals, except for the... well... okay, okay, they played one of those horrifying *Steve Miller* covers, but they played it so well even the most stone-hearted 70's haters would have found themselves tapping their toes.

Catch Pig Farm the next time they're in town, you will not be disappointed.

Pete Johnson esq.

R.E.M., Indigo Girls

Montreal Forum

April 14

The **Indigos** initiated the trip back to the 60's. I expected a (larger) band, but there were only two of them on acoustic guitars—sort of like stereo **Michelle Shockeds**. They went largely ignored by the crowd except for when Michael Stipe accompanied them on backup vocals. After all, he is a rock star.

R.E.M. are pop Gods. When you're that high above your audience you don't really have to put out. And they didn't.

R.E.M. rocked out for two straight hours. A definite plus. But they ripped off the **Talking Heads** with generic "Hello (insert your city here)" and instructional "Please do not rush the stage, Peter doesn't like that" messages as well as arty underwater films being projected as a backdrop. They also ripped off the **Butthole Surfers**, **Tack-head**, and countless other cool bands. Stipe brandishing a megaphone for several songs. They did a **Television** cover and several pre-'85 originals which were negated by *Pop Song 89*, *Stand*, *Orange Crush*, *Fall on Me* and other new "classics". As **R.E.M.**

I did not expect *Jump in the Pool* to be the genre of band to appear there.

A three-piece: Vocals, brass and Keyboard, with credible backing tapes (which I usually dislike). They were a progressive surprise with an unpretentious stance.

After the first stiff and nervous numbers, they warmed with "come here, sit down, let's talk again." With a voice like Matt Johnson (The The) and Howard Devito (Magazine), the vocalist was strengthened during the tight set with swanky sax/trumpet and strong discernible keyboard rhythm.

J.I.T.P.'s songs consist of an ironic, pop, dance music with 80's minimalism of bass and drum (tape), they offered an animated, fresh, funky, FM sound with serious overtones.



take a second listen. Bet you would'nt expect them to play a Bryan Adams song. They did.

Paul J. Morris

Henry Rollins
Carleton University
April 18

It was a fine spring day when our man Rollins blew into town, here on a spoken word tour sans Rollins Band. Yes, Hank was in Ottawa to entertain, without guitars, without feedback—bringing only a twisted worldview and a bottle of spring water onstage.

Henry Rollins is a natural performer, able to stand and deliver close to two hours worth of freeform comedy and shock in a loose, even friendly manner. Onstage in Ottawa, the tattooed one told stories of prostitutes and fleabag hotels, travelling and barroom brawls in Australia, and the trauma of attempting to masturbate in a hospital restroom with an I.V. bottle connected to one arm, and a cast of others.

The crowd became restless later in the evening when Rollins switched from his stand-up comedy to reading actual poems. Henry R. is a great storyteller, a goofy, charismatic clown who can fool you into thinking he's just like the guys in leisure suits on Letterman, only to spout thoughts rooted deep in a lifetime of personal, private hell. Violating that friendly trust and stunning even the most jaded little skaters into a queasy silence.

It's easy to dismiss Rollins as a mediocre

new West End Alternative Showcase, The Apocalypse Club.

At first I was a bit miffed by the sparse turn-out but later realized the advantages to seeing a band like *Das Damen* in such an atmosphere.

They walked on stage, cranked the stacks, and let loose. It was like having them perform in your own living room.

Jim Walters, who shares vocal/guitar duties with Alex Totino, filled most of the focus as he freaked out (*ed.: I believe the word is grooved*) with hair flying and feet stomping. I wonder if John Kastner or even Dave Pirner have checked out this guy's stage presence.

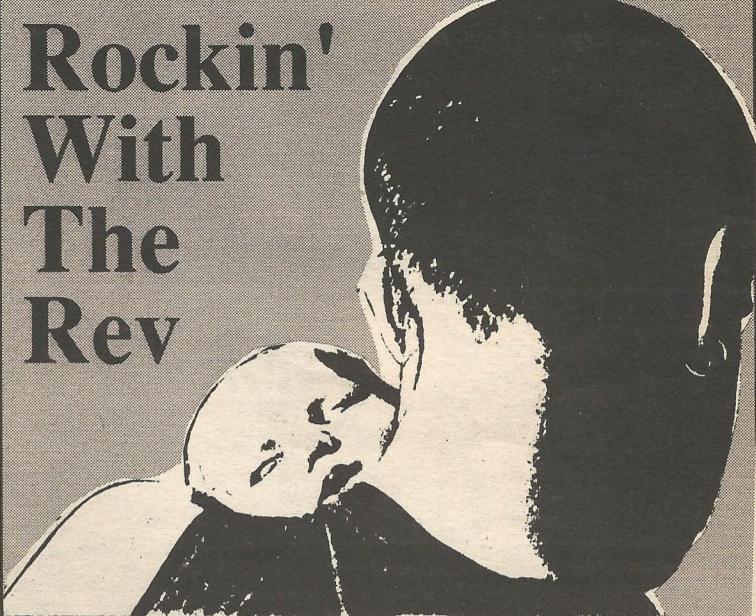
Their sound was full and powerful as they delivered songs from *Triskaidekaphobia* and the subsequently banned EP *The Marshmallow Conspiracy*. Their songs seemed to revolve around their patent Hardcore/psychedelic style, with drummer Lyle Hysen and new bassist Dave providing ample rhythm for the loose but intricate guitar dueling of Alex and Jim.

Someone once described a *Das Damen* live show as a "Beautiful Roar." Exactly.

Mike Letourneau

Suffer Machine, Rodeo Roundup
Siboney Club
April 21

And why were there so many record reps mingling around the predominantly London, Ont. crowd at Suffer Machine? Could it be that after six years people are finally becoming aware? Or maybe having John



Hi friends. You know, the world is a wild and wacky and wonderful place. Remember back when you were in junior high, and all the other yard-apes taunted you all to heck about the Holy Threads you were wearing? You know, all the stuff about, "Hey, what are you waiting for, the Flood or something?". And all you wanted to do was to Be Cool so you casually ignored the Plebs, went home and Hated Thine Parents for making you wear those Stupid Flared Floods? Well, friends, it's O.K. 'cos everybody went through that experience, so we can all share this particular stigma together. And you know what, friends? Acid House is Still Stupid and Real UnHoly.

Remember back when good ol' Noah saw that the world was going straight to Heck and got building his boat real fast? One of the signs that he saw that told him the Flood was coming was the proliferation of Flared Flood pants. And this was not good. Go to any Hip and Happening Acid House today, and you will see the same ominous, omniscient signs that the world is soon coming to an end. Flared Floods. And this is not good, either.

However, friends, the ol' Rev's not going to let the fact that Acid House marks the End of Life On This Here Planet ruin his day. Instead, while the Waters of Babylon are frothing all around us, it's High Time to Make Your Own Acid House House while Thou Still Can.

O.K., so you've invited all your friends around for a Groovy Acid House Party. Now what? The first thing to do is to Set the Right Atmosphere. Get a see-through glass container. Dunk some water in it. Then glop some oil in. Squirt some food colouring on top. Put the bowl where you can shine a light through the bottom of it. Now you have your very own Acid-Oh-My-God-The-Walls-Are-Bending-And-Now-I'm-A-Squished-Spider-Super-Groovy-Trip-Wall-Projection-Thing. But before you all can Find God on a Bending Wall in Suburbia or wherever, you must first Procure the Necessary Condiments, or as the Plebs say, "Score some heavy drugs." Here's how.

Go down to your Friendly Neighbourhood Pharmacy. Head straight for the Pill Section. Casually reach out and grab a 1000 mg container of Vitamin C. Easy. Then, casually grab a Big Can'o'Fizz. Take the Coke and Pills to the Pusher at the front check-out, and You Are Happy. Next, go home, take the Pills out of the bottle, and very carefully paint pictures of the Sistine Chapel on them. Now you have your very own Righteous Acid Tabs. The ol' Rev can say from personal experience that it is Supremely Righteous to chug-a-lug Coke while sucking on one of these RAT's. As The Biggest Guy says, "Hey, are you experienced? No? Well, get a life and then we'll talk." *Ecclesiastes 3:19*. In order to really get RAT's Happening, you have to Take Communion from the bag of Grape-Flavoured Chips you've got stashed up in the attic, right next to your ol' Black Sabbath and Lead Zeppelin records which you swore you'd never ever listen to again yup no way once you discovered New Wave in 1978. But I digress.

Now that everyone at the party is pleasantly RAT'ed, it's now time to gently enhance this Acid House House Party Party Trip Trip. Put on Real Loud Music from Some Dead Rock Star from the early '70's. There's lots of 'em, so don't be discouraged if you can't find any at first. Can't find any? Grateful Dead is close enough. You know, Jerry Garcia from the Dead was in a coma for 8 years, and nobody noticed. But I digress.

So you've got your Blastin Rock'n'Roll Record on the Turntable. Now turn on the radio real quick. Easy Listening. Now back to the BRnR'o'T. And back to Easy Listening. And so on. This'll provide plenty of entertainment for hours. However, no matter how hard you try, there'll always be a few Plebs who just won't Be Tripping. They'll be More Like Stumbling. Get them to close their eyes, think Big Thoughts, and stick their fingers in their ears. Take them out. Put them in. Take them out. Put them in. Try it now. Yup, Thou Shall Receive Thine Glory from the Big Guy in a Big Way.

This Next Acid Trip Trick was discovered by the C.I.A. at McGill University in the 1960's, and as such, should be approached with as much caution as when Joseph and Mary were trying to explain away how Mary Got Pregnant. They sure did pick a Good One. But I digress. This Particular Trip Trick is called Reality Fridge. Remember back at the junior high dance when nobody had any fun cos they were either vomiting their guts out onto the washroom floor or else having epileptic fits cos of the strobe lights? Get a hold of one of these strobes and Thou Shall See the Light. Stick the Strobe in the Kitchen. Turn all the other lights off. Get the Strobe Action happening. Dance around and Act Stupid. Then, open up the fridge door and Start Tripping. Enough said.

Well friends, that about does it for making your very own Acid House House. If y'all think this has been an exercise in Stupidity, well, as the Lord doth say, "If the shoe fits, don't wear it, cos you've got to wear Stupid Clumpy Acid House Shoes that are way too big in the first place." *Job 5:25*. Amen.

BERT

Winding down with *You Make It Real*, an up tempo ska-ish song, they were hailed back for two encores.

An evening full of surprises; to my joy was topped by a dancing audience, (especially Darren & Julie & moi). J.I.T.P. created a divergence from the dead, demonic, drudge that seems to dominate at present.

Get to see *Jump in the Pool* and sink or swim.

Deborah

The Irish Rovers
Roy Thompson Hall, Toronto
April 16

It's 1989 and the Irish Rovers are celebrating their silver anniversary as a band. I arrived at Roy Thomson Hall to find exactly what I thought I would find—an army of well-dressed Yuppies. But even more plentiful were the elderly folk who made the hall a veritable sea of grey hair as they shuffled down the aisles, canes in hand.

Right from the opening notes the Rovers came out a stompin'. Sitting in cushioned seats in an opera theatre is no way to see this band for the urge to stomp, dance and sing out loud is stifled by the verue and by a fear of offending the old folks too weak to get out of their chairs. If this is the kind of music the elderly enjoy then why weren't they at The Pogues show last June?

Likewise, where were the young folks who made up the audience at the Pogues shows? I guess it's not cool among the alternative set to like a band made up of fat old men in polyester but it's cool to worship a toothless elephant-eared drunk who can't sing and has nothing to say. THE ROVERS had plenty to say as Will Millar charmed the audience with captivating anecdotes and a few scathing jokes about singer Jimmy Ferguson's rotund belly.

All jokes aside (they're a funny bunch of egits) the Rovers had the packed house singin' and clappin' for damn near two hours as they cranked out their hits, jigs, reels and traditional songs and all the goodies you'd expect them to play, sometimes at tempos that would make Harry Hardcore

poet, Ersatz Bukowski for the MuchMusic generation. But to discount his presence, the brutal impact of his delivery, and the eerie charisma he exudes would be foolish.

On this night in Ottawa, I watched one man get inside the skins of two hundred people. Whether you like this brand of machismo gone awry is irrelevant. He will affect you. And that is what made this evening different—a poetry reading and lecture with the impact of hardcore (porn, drugs, thrash) on the soul.

Peter C. Schneider

Run Westy Run, Shark Grafitti, Crucial Bones
Apocalypse Club
April 7th

I had to sit through two painfully bad bands before being saved by Run Westy Run. The first band, Crucial Bones, thought too highly of themselves and their smokey stage show for me to call them half decent musicians. Then came Shark Grafitti, which given the chance could become the next Nomads if they didn't keep doing so many covers and concentrated on some original stuff.

Run Westy Run hit the stage and proceeded to generally crush everyone's skulls with their brand of power Rock. Although their set covered most of the stuff from their two SST releases they came across much more powerful live than on LP. In other words, the opening acts should take heed of Run Westy Run's lesson: Good musicianship and stage presence means powerhouse performance.

Neil "Dead Fish" Wiernick

Das Damen, The Wammee, Black Glamma
Apocalypse

After getting through The Wammee's amateurish but fun set and sitting through Black Glamma's first tune *Train Kept a Rollin* (I stopped listening after noticing a Zanzibar strip club T-Shirt) I was set to experience my first visit to Elliot Lefko's

Switzer (bassist for Jane Siberry and Andrew Cash) produce them has made things a bit easier.

The situation could have been tense, trying to impress with a new line-up; Ted Peacock on drums, Gilbert Smith on guitar and Nancy Greenham on tambourine and backing vocals. Yes. Things were tense.

"Ha" says Suffer Machine. We know how to groove. And groove they did.

A bunch of new songs only a few from their debut LP *Deprogram* which came out in '87. Very impressive. A nice tight tailored sound. Described as the Red Hot chili Peppers but Blacker—the connection is there. This comparison has a lot to do with the vocalist Pete Tangredi. You figure it out.

Suffer Machine. Well executed, fun, very danceable, worthy and very ready to get signed. Watch for new single out in June.

Suzanne

Violent Femmes
Concert Hall

To put it simply the Violent Femmes are a great white blues band. Superficially the Femmes may resemble the Smiths with their taste for morbid tales of loneliness, selfishness and self-loathing. But while Morrissey and the boys are happy to wallow in pathetic self-pity, Gordon Gano's music is strangely uplifting and joyous.

While U2 desperately searches for blues credibility by dragging B.B. King onstage and surrounding themselves with a score of black backup singers the Violent Femmes are already there so they don't have to keep up appearances.

Several songs turned into long blues jams and some of those turned into a Jazz free-for-all complete with a selection of weird trumpets and horns. Some of which were even on key.

The band were personable and friendly, haming it up and generally showing a lack of the pretension we expect from sensitive young men with guitars. I wasn't too impressed with the last album but the concert was great.

David James

16



C 1	Various Artists	MR. GARAGER'S NEIGHBOURHOOD	WHAT WAVE / OG
C 2	UIC	LIVE - LIKE NINETY	OG
3	MOJO NIXON & SKID ROPER	ROOT HOG OR DIE	ENIGMA
4	the DIK VAN DYKES	WASTE MOR VINYL	OG
5	CAPTAIN CRUNCH & Let's Do Lunch	More Baroque Post-Industrial Hillbilly Lounge Music	OG
6	THELONIOUS MONSTER	STORMY WEATHER	RELATIVITY / WEA
7	TACKHEAD	TICKIN' TIME BOMB	WORLD / VIRGIN
8	IAN TYSKIN	I OUTGROW THE WAGON	12"
9	the PIXIES	MONKEY GONE TO HEAVEN	STONY PLAIN / WEA
10	RUN WESTY RUN	RUN WESTY RUN	ELEKTRA
11	CONTROLLED BLEEDING	SONGS FROM THE GRINDING WALL	SST
12	the HARD-ONS	DICKCHEESE	WAX TRAX
13	BONNIE RAITT	NICK OF TIME	WATERFRONT / TAANG!
14	GAYE BYKERS ON ACID	STEWED TO THE GILLS	CAPITOL-EMI
15	TUPELO CHAIN SEX	4!	CAROLINE / VIRGIN
16	Chief Commander EBENEZER OBEY	GET YER JUJUS OUT!	TUPELO CHAIN SEX / CARGO
17	URGE OVERKILL	JESUS URGE SUSPENSTAR	RYKODISC
18	the REVOLTING COCKS	STAINLESS STEEL PROVIDERS	TOUCH & GO
19	LORI YATES	CAN'T STOP THE GIRL	WAX TRAX
20	SEBASTIAN	WHITE LIBERALS ON REGGAE	12"
21	BATFISH	BATFISH BREW	CBS
22	the DESCENDENTS	HALLRAKER LIVE!	GWR / RESTLESS
23	BOB SNIDER	DEMO	SST
24	the LAUGHING HYENAS	YOU CAN'T PRAY A LIE	BOB SNIDER
25	REVEREND KEN & his Lost Followers	LOST & FOUND	TOUCH & GO
26	KEITH LeBLANC	EINSTEIN	NETTWERK / CAPITOL-EMI
27	the MARSHMALLOW OVERCOAT	TRY ON ...	12"
28	HANK McCOY	8 SONGS	GET HIP / SKYCLAD
29	BIG DRILL CAR	SMALL BLOCK	Bo'C
30	IREHOSE	FROMOHIO	VARIENT / CARGO
31	DRIVIN' & CRYIN'	MYSTERY ROAD	SST
32	JOHN PRINE	LIVE	ISLAND
33	SCAB CADILLAC	TAGGED & NUMBERED	OH BOY!
34	the WET SPOTS	WAKE UP WITH THE WET SPOTS	RAVE
35	the WORKDOGS	ROBERTA	PROBLEM CHILDREN
			OKRA

THE MOST PLAYED MATERIAL FOR THE TWO WEEKS PREVIOUS TO APRIL 24TH, 1989

CHRY 105.5FM, NORTH YORK COMMUNITY RADIO
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"C" DENOTES CANADIAN ARTIST(S)
MUSIC DIRECTORS: EDWARD SKIRA & LISA ROOSSEN-RUNGE
CHRY-FM WELCOMES ALL RECORDED MATERIAL ... SEND IT ON OVER !!

TW	LW	ARTIST	ALBUM	DISTRIBUTION	WKS
CS	SD	ARTISTE	MICROSILLONS	DISTRIBUTEUR	SEM
1.C	(6)	BLUE RODEO	DIAMOND MINE	WEA	4
2.	(7)	LOU REED	NEW YORK	SIRE/WEA	9
3.C	(14)	DIK VAN DYKES	WASTE MOR VINYL	OG	3
4.	(1)	LYLE LOVETT	...AND HIS LARGE BAND	MCA	6
5.C	(2)	OVERSOUL SEVEN	THE WHITEY ALBUM	EDGE	14
6.I	(10)	CICCONE YOUTH	SPIKE	WEA	6
7.	(4)	ELVIS COSTELLO	3	SLASH/WEA	8
8.	(3)	VIOLENT FEMMES	LIVE/LIKE NINETY	OG	12
9.C	(17)	U.I.C.	SUNSHINE ON LEITH	CHRYSTALIS/MCA	3
10.	(5)	THE PROCLAIMERS	DON'T TELL A SOUL	A&M	7
11.	(12)	ROBYN HITCHCOCK/EGYPTIANS	QUEEN ELVIS	REPRISE/SIRE/WEA	10
12.	(9)	THE REPLACEMENTS	THE RAW & THE COOKED	IRS/MCA	7
13.	(8)	FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS	LIKE A PRAYER	SIRE/WEA	4
14.	(16)	MADONNA	CODE OF LIFE	AMOK	12
15.I	(19)	WEATHER PERMITTING	MR. GARAGER'S NEIGHBOURHOOD	OG	3
16.	(28)	VARIOUS	ORANGES & LEMONS	VIRGIN/A&M	5
17.	(15)	XTC	THE HISTORY OF THE JAMS	ALT.TENT/CARGO	12
18.C	(21)	NOMEANSNO	CHICKEN, GRAVY, BISCUITS	ALLIGATOR/WEA	2
19.I	(22)	THE JAMS	3 FEET HIGH & RISING	BLANCO Y NEGRO/WEA	6
20.	(30)	L'IL ED /BLUES IMPERIALS	LIVE IN PARIS: ZENITH '88	TOMMY BOY	8
21.C	(19)	THE BAMBI SLAM	HELLO	SLASH/WEA	5
22.I	(25)	DE LA SOUL	GOO GOO DOLLS	VENTURE/VIRGIN UK	5
23.	(27)	BURNING SPEAR	JED	ENIGMA/DEATH	3
24.C	(20)	ELECTRIC CIRCUS	DUKE BOX MUSIC	ANTONE'S	4
25.I	(32)	GOO GOO DOLLS	STORMY WEATHER	RELATIVITY/WEA	2
26.I	(29)	DOUG SAHM	WAKING UP WITH...	PROBLEM CHILDREN	7
27.	(31)	THELONIOUS MONSTER	THUNDER & CONSOLATION	CAPITOL	2
28.I	(23)	THE WETSPOTS	MOVE IT!	CARGO	1
29.	(40)	NEW MODEL ARMY	STAINLESS STEEL PROVIDERS	CRYPT	3
30.I	(--)	TUPELO CHAIN SEX	1000 AIRPLANES ON THE ROOF	WAX TRAX	1
31.I	(38)	GRAVEDIGGERS	WITCHDOCTOR	VIRGIN	3
32.I	(--)	REVOLTING COCKS	THE FIRST SIGN IN LIFE	MAMMOTH/RCA	1
33.C	(--)	CAPIN CRUNCH & LET'S DO LUNCH	1000 AIRPLANES ON THE ROOF	SNOWY RIVER	2
34.C	(37)	ROGER RAINBOW	WITCHDOCTOR	EPIC	1
35.	(--)	INDIGO GIRLS	THE SERPENT'S EGG	4 AD	8
36.I	(38)	PHILIP GLASS	GENERAL PAIN & MAJOR DISEASE	WAX TRAX	1
37.I	(--)	SIDEWINDERS	"PAYDAY"	CRYPT	3
38.I	(34)	DEAD CAN DANCE			
39.I	(--)	THE NEON JUDGEMENT			
40.I	(36)	RAUNCH HANDS			



CKWR FM TOP 50
MARCH 1989.
COMPILED BY: SCOTT JENSEN P.D.

ARTIST	ALBUM	LABEL
The Gruesomes	Hey!	OG Music
Dead Milkmen	Beelzebubba	Enigma
Noneansno	Small Parts Isolated	Alternative Tentacles
The Replacements	Don't Tell a soul	W.E.A.
Oversoul Seven	Oversoul Seven	Edge Records
Pop Tarts	Age of the Thing	Funfone U.S.A.
Cowboy Junkies	The Trinity Sessions	BMG
Elvis Costello	Spyke	W.E.A.
Weather Permitting	Weather Permitting	Amok
Basement Flower	Compilation Album	W.E.A.
Bad Brains	Live	SST
Too Many Cooks	Too Many Cooks E.P.	Amok
Dinosaur Jr.	Bug	SST
Enya	Watermark	M.E.A.
Mendelsson Joe	Born to Cuddle	Anthem/Capitol
Lime Spiders	Volatile	Caroline
Mojo Nixon/Skid Roper	Free Drunk	Enigma
French Letters	Second Sex	Soul Eyed Bear
Pay it all Back Vol.2.	Compilation Album	Nettwerk
Victims Family	Things I hate...	Mordam Records
The Wonderstuff	The Eight Legged...	Polygram Records
K9 Posse	K9 Posse	BMG
Firehose	From Ohio	SST
Oops wrong Stereotype	Compilation Album	Alternative Tentacles
StrateJackets	Are you Crazy	D.T.K/Electric
Montreal Jubilation...	Jubilation II	Justin Time
The Wolfgang Press	Birdwood Cage	Polygram
R.E.M.	Green	W.E.A.
The Fixx	Calm Animals	BMG
Sarah McLaughlin	Tough	Nettwerk
Pogues	Yeah, Yeah, Yeah 12"	Island/M.C.A.
The Connels	Fun and Games	T.V.T.
Slammin' Watusse	Kings of noise	C.B.S.
Front 242	Front By Front	Nettwerk
Trotsky Icepick	Baby	SST
The Three Johns	Death of Everything	Caroline
Bruce Cockburn	Big Circumstance	True North
Skinny Puppy	Texture 12"	Nettwerk
Acid Reign	Acid Reign	Independent
Shadow 2	Compilation	Shadow Canada
Chemical People	Non Sexist	Cruz
XTC	Oranges and Lemons	Virgin
Tall Dwarfs	Hello Cruel World	Homestead
Cocteau Twins	Bluebell Knoll	4AB/Polygram
Laibach	Let It Be	Mute/Enigma
The Beatnigs	The Beatnigs	Alternative Tentacles
The Plasterscene Replicas	Glow	Raining/Electric
Sonic Youth	Daydream Nation	Blast First/Enigma
Shuffle Demons	Bop Rap	Stony Plain/BMG
The Tape Beatles	A Subtle Buoyancy of...	Independent

The Top 50 list is not ranked in any order as it is not fair to rank artists that get equal playing time on our station. To those who made the list this month CONGRATULATIONS!!

THE BARE BONES DIALECTICAL ISSUE FIRST HALF OF APRIL '89 CHART

NUMBER	ARTIST	ALBUM	LABEL
1	DIK VAN DYKES*	WASTE MORE VINYL	OG/ELECTRIC
2	CICCONE YOUTH*	THE WHITEY ALBUM	BLAST FIRST
3	STRANGE NURSERY*	STRANGE NURSERY	BEAM 103
4	KEITH LeBLANC	EINSTEIN	NETTWERK
5	DE LA SOUL	3 FEET HIGH AND RISING	TOMMY BOY
6	U.I.C.*	LIKE NINETY	OG/ELECTRIC
7	CAPTAIN CRUNCH & LET'S DO LUNCH*	MORE BAROQUE POST-INDUSTRIAL...	OG/ELECTRIC
8	FRONT LINE ASSEMBLY*	DIGITAL TENSION DEMENTIA	WAX TRAX
9	DELIRIUM ASYLUM*	PSYCHOTIC SESSION	TERRA VOX
10	SONIC YOUTH	DAYDREAM NATION	BLAST FIRST
11	VARIOUS ARTISTS	ONE LITTLE INDIAN HITS	ONE LITTLE INDIAN
12	VARIOUS ARTISTS	PALESTINE: MUSIC OF THE INTIFADA	VIRGIN
13	CLOCK DVA	THE HACKER	WAX TRAX
14	IREHOSE	FROMOHIO	SST
15	RHYS CHATHAM	DIE DONNERGOTTER	HOMESTEAD
16	LEGENDARY PINK DOTS	GOLDEN AGE	PIAS US/Wax Trax
17	VARIOUS ARTISTS	BELEZA TROPICAL	SIRE/WEA
18	BEL CANTO	WHITE OUT CONDITIONS	NETTWERK
19	GOAT*	FONDATION GOAT DU QUEBEC	GOAT
20	13 ENGINES*	BYRAM LAKE BLUES	Nocturnal/Fringe/Electric
21	EU	LIVIN' LARGE	VIRGIN
22	HUGO LARGO	METTLE	OPAL/WEA
23	LIVE SKULL	POSITION	CAROLINE
24	PAUL BARBIN	AND HIS NEW ORLEANS JAZZ	ATLANTIC/WEA
25	TUPELO CHAIN SEX	4!	CARGO
26	ME		

PHOTOS: Twilight (guitarists); Shawn Scallen (top photo)

VIOLENT',

Those Milwaukee underground heroes, the *Violent Femmes*, came to our fair city on April 9th for an amazing stint at Theatre Outremont. The Femmes are touring to support their latest album 3, a spontaneously created studio album. *Somehow I was elected to do the "LIVE-ON-AIR" honors with lead singer Gordon Gano on CKUT. Yet for some reason nerves interfered in the path of the cerebral process that leads words to mouth, and I started the interview by announcing my guest as Brian Ritchie (Femmes' bassist). "I bet you're not feelin' real good right now," Gano shot back. So, I relaxed, shot my interviewing skills to the wind, and ended up having a nice so-what's-the-poop conversation. Gordon kept jiving me about the faux pas, but all we could do was laugh. Here's the rest:*

RearGarde: How do you feel about the new album?

Gordon: I like it very much... you want me to go on? I'm pleased with it. It's probably the most satisfied I've felt after having done a record. Part of that is that none of the songs had been done before. Brian and Victor hadn't heard any of the songs when we got to the studio. We just learned them and rolled the tape. So the songs were actually created right there. It was really very exciting. So often after completing a record I would get upset, thinking that the whole thing had failed, y'know, just being crazy.

RearGarde: Is it coincidental that this record, 3, and Brian Ritchie's solo record,

solo records, the theme of religion is quite predominant, and everybody wants to know exactly what the poop is about it...

Gordon: Well, I can't speak for Mr. Ritchie at all...

RearGarde: He's tending towards eastern religions...

Gordon: Umm... Okay... What do you wanna know? (Laughs) What does the question sheet say here?

RearGarde: Well, your upbringing in Milwaukee—was it heavily religious?

Gordon: My personal upbringing wasn't just in Milwaukee, but it was always with my parents, and my father is a minister, and I was brought up in a very loving, spiritually-oriented household. So that's just so much of who I am and what I am, and it really means something to me, of course more than just 'this is what my mother and father said.'

RearGarde: But you're not trying to exor-

be a sort of uplifting experience. I'll bet some people are sitting there thinking, "You gotta be kiddin'! What was that thing I just heard?!" I dunno, I'm just generalizing.

RearGarde: How long were you working on the latest record?

Gordon: Not that long, about three weeks, maybe, and yet it was a very leisurely spent three weeks. We took weekends off, and any time anybody wanted to take a break for any reason for however long, we took a break. And yet we were getting so much done, because the songs were all being created right then. So it was a combination of being incredibly productive and also just so relaxed. At the same time focused to produce, mix, write, etc. in a time space that is a lot shorter than a band who's in the studio for months. Brian made one of his records—I dunno if it was the latest one or the one before that—in just a few days. So you can do that sort of thing.

cians and playing other kinds of music.

RearGarde: One of the

other bands that you were involved with that I took note of was the *False Prophets*. That one track that you played with them on their album *Impllosion*..

Gordon: Oh! That's great! You're the first person, I think, to ask me about them, which is unfortunate because I just spoke... well, you go ahead and say what you wanna say...

RearGarde: No, no you go ahead...

Gordon: I just think that is so nice! I just spoke to Stefan, the lead singer, and I've known him for years. He's just an incredible performer.

RearGarde: The man is WILD. (Folks, this man is wilder than even Iain from *Failsafe*, five times beyond..)

Gordon: A couple of the most riveting, exciting—a "rock and roll moment", those moments when something is being captured, and I thought it's almost as if the absolute inexpressible is almost being expressed—was a couple of times of seeing him in some moments that were absolutely over the edge. I came into New York, he got hold of me, they were doing this thing that he thought my voice would sound good on, and had me come in. It's funny because Debra, who plays guitar for them, I knew her back from Wisconsin. When she moved to New York, I told her that the *False Prophets* were a good band around town, that she might wanna check them out, and then a while later they were auditioning for a guitarist, and she remembered 'Didn't Gordon tell me that he liked them? Yeah, I'll go...' So I found out one day that now she was in one of my favourite bands! I guess they've got some things happening for them, cuz they've been at it for so long, and just every door closed on them. But they're going to tour Europe in a few days—I just spoke to Stefan a few days ago. They did a video on AIDS, I believe, and there's something I can't hardly believe! He said they were gonna show it on MTV??!

RearGarde: An explicit AIDS video? On MTV??

Gordon: Well, something that the *False Prophets* did... oh, I dunno... I'm not the one to be tellin', cuz I just spoke to him, and he was telling me about all sorts of stuff, and I just could not believe it. It all just sounded so good, and that band deserves anything that comes to them because they work so hard.

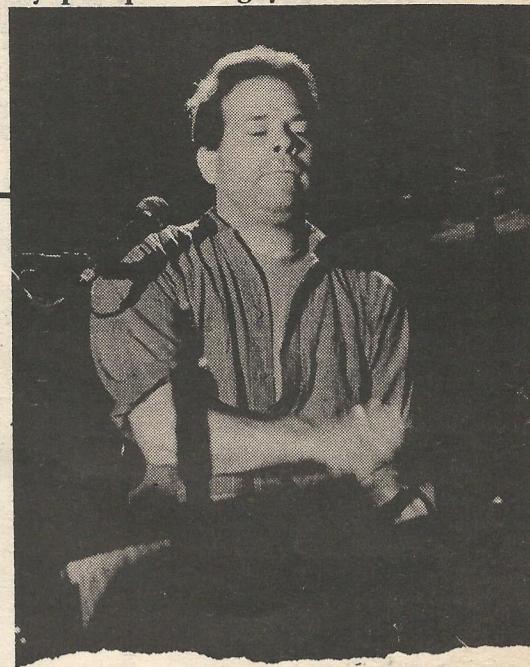
RearGarde: They're pretty active as far as causes go, aren't they?

Gordon: Yes, Stefan is, he's always going on a march somewhere, and doing all kinds of stuff. He's also a complete gentleman—he's one of the only guys I know who will actually stand up when a woman enters the room.

RearGarde: Are you serious?

Gordon: I don't know about all the time...

but actually quite pleasant guys from Milwaukee



now you'll walkin' and say 'C'mon Stefan, Gordon told me about you, you can stand now, over here...' But with the way he looks, you'd figure he'd be the last person to do something like that. So anyway... for our remaining two minutes, I guess we should talk about the *Violent Femmes*.

RearGarde: Well, you mentioned MTV. Now, I'm not much of a video-oriented person, but the only video of yours that I've seen was for *Children of the Revolution*. Was that the first one you did?

Gordon: No, we did one for *Gone Daddy Gone* from the first album, which doesn't seem to have gotten around much in Canada.

RearGarde: In making a video, you must know that it's gonna go to other places other than the regular video shows. It will go to MTV, MuchMusic...

Gordon: Well, I don't even know if MTV showed the *Children* video—they might have shown it once. But with the new one that we've done for *Nightmares*, well, I like it. It's really fun, and it's being played some on MTV, which is great. I'm not really video-oriented either, and certainly when I'm writing the music I don't think in terms of video at all. The ones we've happened to make, I've enjoyed doing and I thought were fun.

RearGarde: But video as a sort of propeller to the consumer to go out and buy, buy, BUY...

Gordon: But it is a commercial. That's exactly it. What *Violent Femmes* do in concert, or even on record, can't truly come across on video.

RearGarde: I know a lot of people are looking forward to your show, because it's been a long time since you've been here.

Gordon: I think we really have something to live up to. I've heard some people saying "Everyone still talks about the time you played here, that it was one of the best shows..." I won't think about that. We'll just go out and do what we do, I guess. I feel like a sport figure goin' out to a Big Game—uhh, I just wanna do my best! (As if Gordon Gano can come across sounding like a big dumb sports gronk...)

Another trip into the embarrassingly wonderful world of asking a prominent musician a couple of questions, except without the taped fuck-ups, conducted by Lorrie.



Sonic Temple and the Court of Babylon, were released around the same time?

Gordon: Yeah, there's a lot of that, I think... it's hard to say what terms to use and what words to use. There's so many songs that use fun as an image, but there's also pain and... like, I just had to write that song (*Gimme the Car*, played prior to the interview). That sort of release in writing a song, and then performing it, and the person who listens and is drawn into it as an actual participant... that is what releases it. Someone could call that exorcising demons, I suppose. That's an even stronger way of putting it, of being able to address some of the most negative and down sides of life and to be able to express it. In some way that ends up being a positive thing. Sometimes people come out to see us and it turns out to

exorcise any demons through the music?

Gordon: I think they both came out the same week! That's a total coincidence, especially because they're different record companies (Slash and SST). They couldn't have planned something like that.

RearGarde: Well, it can only give more of a boost, don't you think?

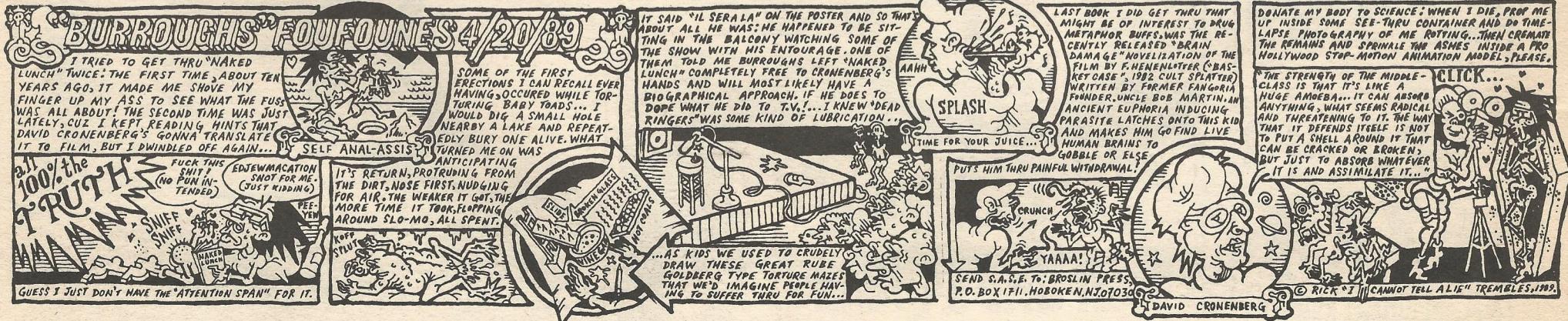
Gordon: I never even thought of it. I suppose some people could argue that it's a good thing, and some people could argue that it's not such a good thing. I dunno...

RearGarde: But Brian won't be doing any solo stuff because you're touring as the *Violent Femmes*.

Gordon: Right, right.

RearGarde: As on 3, and even on Brian's

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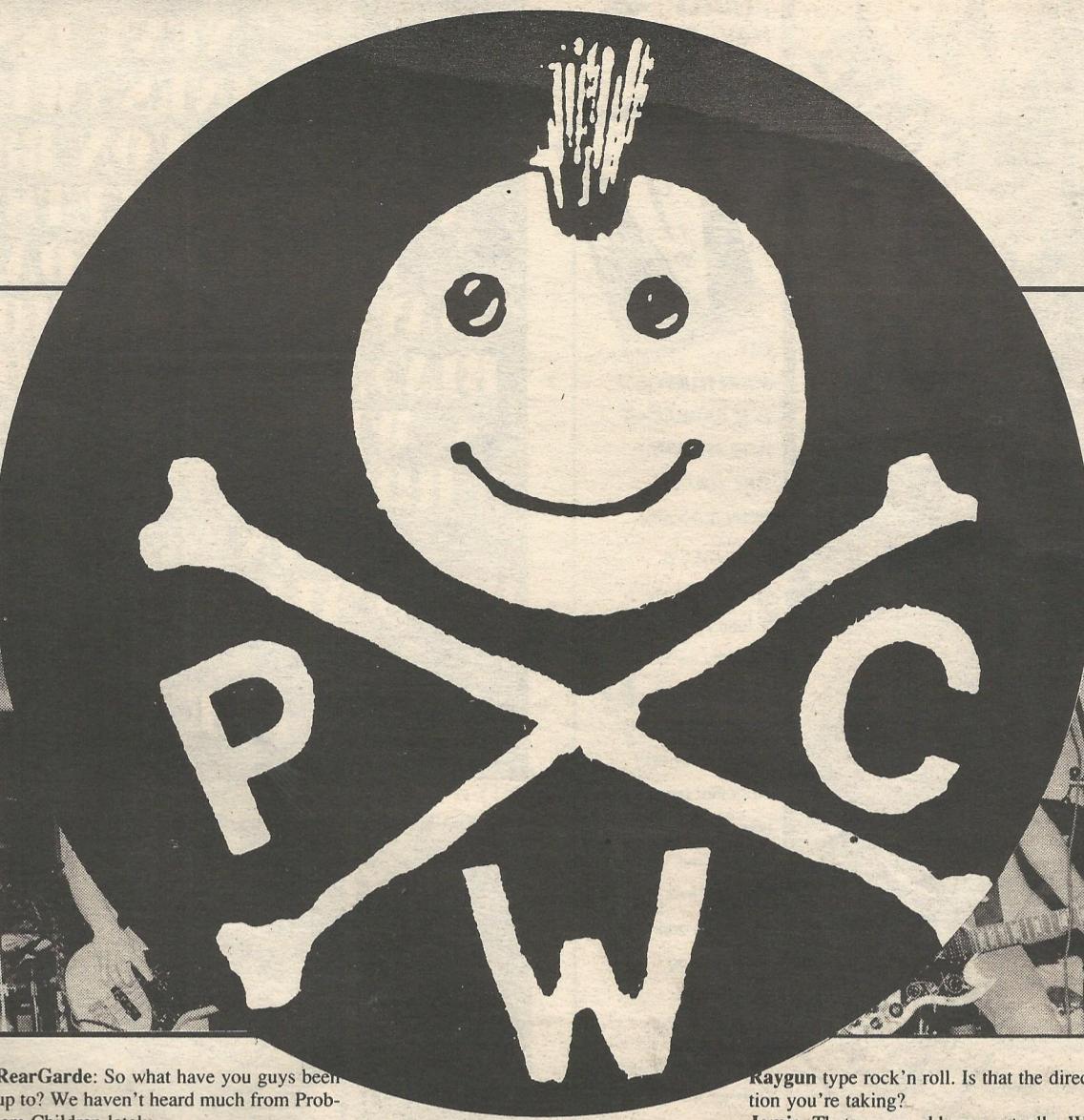
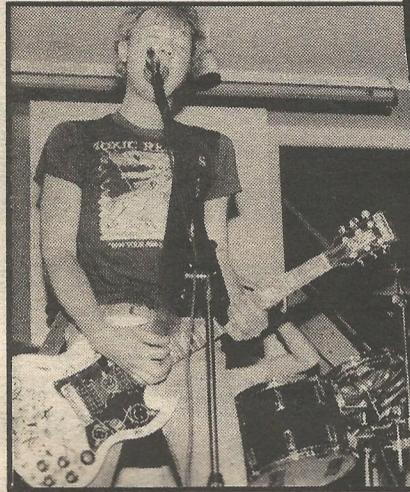
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2 & 4 by Shawn Scallen

Problem



Children



Ontario's **Problem Children** have been kicking around for about five years. Their raunchy rock'n roll/hardcore sound has always made them a favourite with the leather and spikes crowd, though the band themselves are pretty cynical about punk rockers. On this particular Easter Sunday I chatted with the band in the doorway of the Tycoon (not Mr. Coinner's favourite club according to what I just edited out—ed.) where they were ready to greet each person individually as they entered. This isn't really an interview as such, more what it would be like if you ever got the chance to hang out with the guys. **Problem Children** are: Jamie Problem; vocals and guitar. Barney Rebel; bass and vocals. Gary; drums.

Jamie: ...we play a lot of shows in places like Alberta where people think we're good. **Barney:** We had this big idea about becoming street musicians. We got some acoustic guitars, practised all day, went out, got

RearGarde: So what have you guys been up to? We haven't heard much from Problem Children lately.

Gary: We're hiding.

Jamie: We've done two tours across Canada and then after the second we put out a seven inch EP. Since then we've been just kind of scumming around, doing shows here and there.

RearGarde: So how many records do you have out now?

Jamie: We have the album, which is called: *The Future Of The World Is Up To Us*, still available at your finer record stores. Plus the EP.

RearGarde: I haven't seen that around anywhere.

Jamie: We don't sell it.

Barney: If you read *Maximum Rock'n Roll*, we have an ad for it on page seven.

Jamie: There's a picture of me in a tuxedo with Barney's dog sniffing my leg.

Barney: My dog has worms now.

Jamie: All those worms are going to come alive in our backyard when the shit becomes unthawed (unthawed?) We also have an album coming out in Europe. It's a compilation of the LP and EP plus three new songs.

Barney: It's the best of...

Gary: It's the 'best of' even though we only have one album out.

Jamie: We're leaving on Tuesday for Europe to do a tour over there with The Detonators from Oregon. We'll be over there for five or six weeks.

RearGarde: How did that come about?

Jamie: The guy over there had bought our album and offered to give us some cash for a licensing deal over there. I wrote him back and said that if he sent us a little more money we could record some new songs and make it into a new record. He agreed and said that if we wanted to we could tour and he would pay for the tickets and everything. We're playing West Germany, Holland, Sweden, Norway, Belgium, and France.

RearGarde: Not many bands get a chance to tour Europe until they get pretty big. I don't think any Montreal bands have ever made, except for like Voivod or something.

Barney: Hype were supposed to go.

Jamie: Nah, they never went.

Barney: They suck anyway. They're just too generic hardcore. They're boring as fuck.

Jamie: The band from Toronto that's done anything in the last few years is No Mind. They got an album out and everything.

RearGarde: Didn't their singer just quit?

Jamie: Yeah, just when they were starting to get somewhere.

(Conversation turns to local promoters and the trend of losing a lot of money on D.R.I shows.)

Problem Children: Ya! Ha! Ha! Shmeggy (that's what it sounded like anyway.)

Jamie: We have a friend in Hamilton called Shemmy who put on a D.R.I show and it ended in a big riot. He had it in this mafia Italian ballroom place. A bunch of thugs came in at the end of night and beat up everybody. It was pretty exciting.

(Conversation is again interrupted. This time by an acquaintance of mine. We found out that we were both canned from CRSG (Radio Sir Garbage). I was canned for being too punk, and he was canned because Infamous Bastards wrote all over the walls during his show. And it's not John's favourite station according to what I just edited out—ed.)

RearGarde: So what have you guys been up to? We haven't heard much from Problem Children lately.

Jamie: That was an old song actually. We have a shitload of songs that we drag out of the closet whenever we have to play two sets. Usually they suck.

Barney: It's better than paying an opening band though.

RearGarde: I find though that more and more bands in the hardcore scene are trying to sound like either Metallica or U2. Sometimes it's for the better, but it's good once in awhile to see a band that has remained consistent over the years.

Barney: We've never really been a hardcore band either. Just rock'n roll.

Jamie: We like to call our style alcoholic.

RearGarde: Still, you are part of the hardcore scene and it's not often that you find a band that has been around as long as you guys and stuck to it's guns.

Jamie: The bottom line is that we haven't written any new songs. We just keep playing the same shit, so it just looks like we're really consistent. We're just really lazy.

Barney: (to the people on the street) Come on in! There's a punk rock show going on.

Jamie: It's Problem Children. They're great!

Barney: Thrashmetalaphuge.

Gary: Cold out there?

Jamie: How's the weather?

Barney: Partially cloudy?

Gary: Sit down, relax, take off your shoes. (punks leave)

Gary: Aw come on, don't leave. It'll be fun later.

Punks: We'll come back in about half an hour.

Problem Children: Okay, but be careful out there. Don't get hit by cars.

RearGarde: This is very intimate.

Barney: Well, we're intimate.

Gary: Ooooh! Look at the bass!

(Gary points to a guy trying to cross the street carrying a standup bass.)

Barney: Wow! Totally standup.

Jamie: Maybe he'll get hit by a car.

Barney: So here we are playing the doorway of the Tycoon.

RearGarde: This is as small as they get.

Barney: We've played smaller.

Jamie: One of these days we're going to play a decent show at Foufounes. We know the guy who books the shows there. We stayed at his house last night. We got really sauced and wrote stuff on his calendar.

Barney: Dan's a really good guy. We like him a lot. I can't believe he still likes us after the shit we pulled at the Psyche place a couple of years ago.

Jamie: We were climbing up the wall trying to break in, throwing beer bottles at the cars going by on the street.

(A Nils song is being played. Talk about how they were dropped by Profile Records)

Jamie: We don't bother getting signed to record labels. That way we never have to worry about being let down. We don't have a manager, we don't have a van. We've got nothing really. If the show gets cancelled we don't really care. We'll just go out and get bombed. That's what we'd do at home anyway.

RearGarde: You're going to have a hard time getting bombed with the shitty two pitchers they're giving you here.

Jamie: We'll talk to the guy. We'll get it going.

Barney: Twelve pitchers or we're walking.

Jamie: You're going to have a lot of angry punk rockers on your hands when we start throwing the amps back in the car.

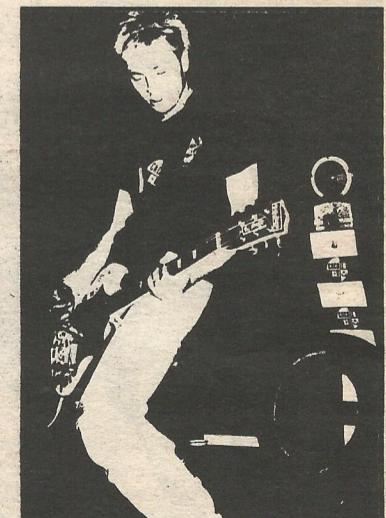
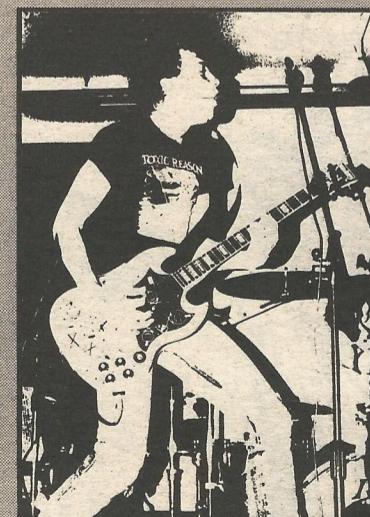
(Girl with green hair walks in)

Jamie: Hi! How ya doin'?

Girl with green hair: Good. I'm sick.

Jamie: Well, you're not good then.

RearGarde: And she comes out to the



Problem Children: This is not part of the interview, please do not adjust your sets. (By this time there's a fairly steady stream of people coming in.)

Jamie: Good evening.

Barney: Welcome.

Gary: Bonjour.

Jamie: This is kind of like the prom. You have to check everybody's name on the list. I'm sorry you're not on the list you can't come in.

Barney: Is that alcohol I smell on your breath son?

RearGarde: During the soundcheck you played a song that I hadn't heard before. It was kind of a Replacements/Naked

show anyway.

Jamie: What crazy people.

Girl with green hair: Can we do an interview?

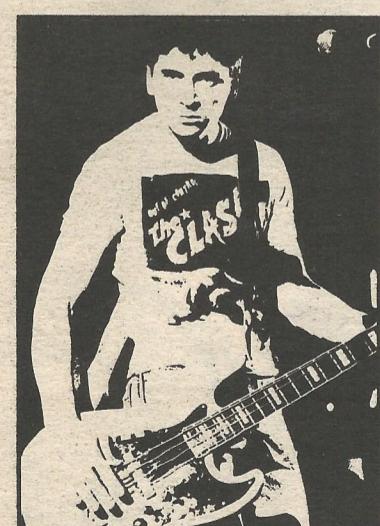
Problem Children: Wow! Another one. Interviews galore. We'll get John to make you a copy of this one. These interviews are cutting into our drinking time.

Girl with Green hair: What's your favorite beer?

Jamie: The one with the chicken on it.

Problem Children: Chicken on it! Chicken! (Someone lets a tremendous fart and everyone runs outside.)

Interview conducted by John Coinner.



about as far as the liquor store, and then just said fuck it.

Jamie: They told us we better not drink on the street in Alberta, so we went and crashed some party.

(punk kids walk in)

Problem Children: Hi! Welcome! We're the band.

(Punks stand there looking confused)

Problem Children: Well, go on in. We'll join you later.

(Talk deteriorates into a discussion about The Asexuals, and how they've changed over the years. I do my best to change the subject.)

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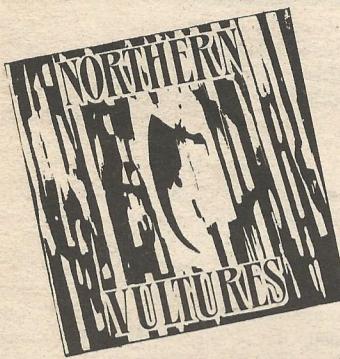
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Northern Vultures 4-song EP

They've been around the Montreal scene for a while and have gained a reputation for doing some really solid roots-hardcore thrash-with-a-melody type stuff. With a message. Three of the tunes here show off the group's talents with some solid speed hardcore (no, not "speedcore") mixed in with tempo changes and actual tunes. *Cosmetics Decuticized. The Life & Times of Winston Smith and Liberty Hyenas* all have a message: The lyrics say "become aware", the music says "party." And then there's the band's anthem, *Rise Up*, which is simply one of the best five hardcore songs ever written. (*Distributions Goliath, C.P. 1235, Succ. Desjardins, Montreal, Quebec, H5B 1C3*).

Paul Gott



Wet Spots, Wake Up With The Wet Spots
Ya just gotta like a band with a name like the Wet Spots, an album that starts off with a polka joke (and a bitchin' accordian solo) and the group of belching punk rawkers who think they're funny that put this thing together. *Think Twice and Steroids* are real cool thrashy-type things. *Gotta Go* is almost a post-punk Husker Du/Doughboys type thing, *Stay 19* is a '77 anthem type thing, etc etc. The best thing about these 'type-things' is that they're all loose and stoopid enough not to sound like anything but a bunch of trashed '77-style rock 'n roll. Impressive as all hell. And raw, guitar-heavy production by Mickey de Sadist (of the Forgotten something-or-others) shows that he isn't the big-time glam rocker everyone says he is. (*Problem Children Wrekords, P.O. Box 1361, M.P.O., Hamilton, Ontario I8N 4C2*).

Paul Gott

Beowulf, Lost My Head

Yet another great band to creep out of the depths of the L.A. barrios. Beowulf are not for the faint of heart. All you sheep out there who think you're so underground just because you like Megadeth and Anthrax, try swallowing this. This isn't some candy-assed speed metal band, this is high octane fuel injected killcore. Raging Motorhead style guitars on tunes like *Muy Bonita* and *Fuzzy Princess* will have your mom begging for a Guns'n Roses ballad. *Cruising* is a crunchy melodic tune perfect for driving down Hollywood blvd. in a lowrider. (*Caroline Records, 5 Crosby street, New York, NY 10013*).

John Coinner

Dharma Bums, Haywire

A band out of Cal-i-for-ni-ay that takes their name from a Kerouac novel made me a little wary of what might be inside. Not that I don't like Kerouac, he was great. *On*

The Road was the bestest of the best beatnik books to come out, and due to the fact that I read it the week before starting at an institute of higher learning, my whole first semester was somewhat fucked before I ever went to my first class. Anyways, I am now a college dropout, at least until September. I don't know if the Dharma Bums had the same sort of literary/musical catharsis, but I'll bet the fact that where they come from has a bit more to do with what they do than the possibility that their lives were so irrevocably changed just by reading a pre-peace & love book that told of wine and weird eastern coital positions. The key thing on this album is jangly guitars and real cool harmonizing. "Sounds to me like R.E.M.", said Emma. But what the hell does she know?? She still listens to the Pistols!!! It's a pretty cool record. And it's nothing even close to Sonic Youth, those unabashed 'gods of annihilation'. This is melodic, fun, no stronger than a spliff of good west coast weed. And if it matters, my choice pick tune was one called *Flowers*.

and they sing about going to sleep in a meadow, sleeping beneath the moon and waking up with the sun. (So I had a tie-dye sling for awhile... wanna make something of it??) Only in California is this possible at any given time, or perhaps way down south. Oh yeah, the title track and *Boots of Leather* (natch!) are pretty good too. If you can find it, listen and forget about walls of noise for awhile. "Rockin'" has many different levels of meaning. (*Poplolla/Frontier, no address available*).

Lorrie

Flaming Lips, Telepathic Surgery

Another vinyl trip along those twisted brain waves of these groovy guys from Oklahoma City. This is their third album in four years, and they seem to progress sideways, which doesn't mean bad by any means. The band is like a "nicer", melodic Buttholes (perfect;.. since they've toured with the Austin, Texas freak brigade), and maybe just a touch of the Mothers of Invention too. I prove my point through their song titles-*Chrome Plated Suicide, Shaved Gorilla, Hari Krishna Stomp Wagon (Fuck Led Zeppelin), Redneck School of Technology*, etc. etc. This stuff is too brilliant to be ignored any longer. (*Restless Records, Culver City, California, 90231-3628*).

Lorrie

Thelonius Monster, Stormy Weather

This band is sorta silly. I'd only read about them, and maybe I saw a video of theirs a few years ago on MTV/IRS's Cutting Edge. You know what they remind me of? A metalish, funky Boomtown Rats. No shit. Strange combination. Ms. Megan says, "They've got some 70s jangly grooviness happenin'". Okay... I thought they would be more amusing than this. But, nonetheless, they can rock, and that's their saving grace. Great guitar shreds too. (*Relativity Records, 187-07 Henderson Ave., Hollis, New York 11423*).

Lorrie

24-7 Spyz, Harder Than You

The name of this band means 24 hours a day, seven days a week of energy. The band's energy goes to and from all sorts of styles of music. This all-black hardcore band is influenced heavily by the rastacore/reggae of the Bad Brains crossed with the all-white Red Hot Chili Peppers and their brand of funky punk. There is enough guitars to satisfy metal heads as well. They even do a cover of Kool and the Gang's *Jungle Boogie* mixed with (gasp!) Van Halen!! I highly recommend this one. Get it if you can. Let's get them to play our fair city, and yours, soon. (*Relativity Records, 187-07 Henderson Ave., Hollis, New York 11423*).

Greg Miller

The Untouchables, Agent OO Soul

I remember a few years ago the song *I Spy For the FBI*, a pretty good ska-funk num-

ber. Their sound is now much more polished, not much ska left. Side 1 is soul-funk-dance. Side 2 I like better with a ska cover of *Under The Boardwalk*, and the rest of the side is some pretty good reggae. The CD has three more songs—a marketing scheme to sell three better or three worse songs? (*Restless Records, Culver City, California, 90231-3628*).

Greg Miller

Green On Red, Here Come The Snakes

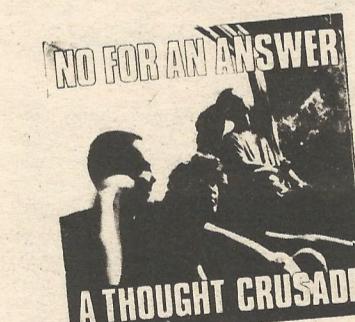
Their first recording in '81 or '82 was mid-60s garage or pop. They used to have a cheesy keyboard, a whining singer, and choppy guitar. Now the band has grown up from the simple 60s to the overproduced 70s. The organ is now replaced by grand piano, the guitar is now fluid and clear acoustic, and with harmonica on a few tracks. The vocals and arrangements sound like the Stones circa *Beggars' Banquet*, and two songs sound like Neil Young. This disc was recorded in Nashville, so at times it has a country flavor with pedal steel guitar, but mainly this is a blues record. Which is not to say it's bad, it is well recorded and produced, but it is sad. I could say it's nice and beautiful music—however, it is sad that they lost their original energy, rawness, and idealism. (*Restless Records, Culver City, California, 90231-3628*).

Greg Miller

Wrecking Crew, Balance of Terror

I like the cover art, it shows a nuclear cloud with skulls in it, overlaid by a scale in which political leaders are tipping the scale their way while innocent people fall off the other side. The music is hard/speedcore, but not enough guitar solos for metalcore. The lyrics (thankfully printed inside) rant and rave about doing what you want and believe, and not what society, the system, parents, etc. brainwash you to believe is right. They think that the world is doomed and we can't do anything about it unless we all get together and do something. Which is good. The music, however, is redundant, and nothing stands out. The vocals and bass are submerged in the mix, drowned out by the two guitars. (*Hawker Records, 225 Lafayette St., suite 709, New York, New York, 10012*).

Greg Miller



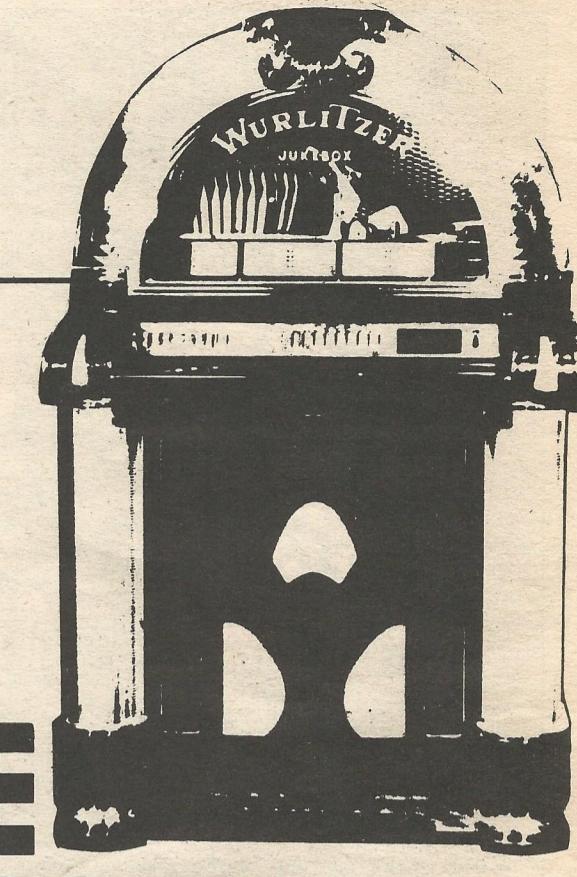
No For An Answer, A Thought Crusade

Well, like thrash thrash thrash headbang headbutt thrash thrash pogo. Pogo? Nah, dis is dat pure hardcore type of thrash thrash yell yell yell crunch stuff. Thrash thrash mosh. Mosh? Wat de heck is dis moshing 'ting anyhow? Elbows higher so you hit folks in de nose in de pit? Don't matter nohow 'coz dis don't have none o dem screamin' long-hair leads or nuthin. All the tunes zip in around 2 minutes. Not the most imaginative stuff I've heard, but fast enough to keep you interested for the brief time the tunes are spinning. Average, but good (if you think average hardcore is good). Like thrash thrash thrash y'know. (*Hawker Roadrunner Records, 225 Lafayette St., Suite 709, NY, NY, USA 10012*).

Johnny Zero

Tupelo Chain Sex, 4!

My real name is Barclay C. Plager, and formerly I used to be a B-movie screen play writer, living in a mobile home situated between a mini-putt golf course and a Taco



ON THE RECORD

Bell. No I did not write *Invasion of the Asshole Elvis Zombies* or *The Corsican Brothers*, although once I saw Cheech at the Taco Bell. He was on drugs and had two pencils stuck up his nose, telling everyone that he was "like a walrus man." He started laughing like a Tasmanian devil and boy did I chortle too—a moment of tawdry Hollywood glitter. My only produced screenplay was about an English punk singer who sold his soul for a burrito, to a mad inventor and hillbilly whiskey distiller, based on Sam Phillips. The Sam Phillips character, Moonshine Jack, had this demented idea that if he could find a punk who fronted a jazz salsa band, then he could always have cab fare. Moonshine had invented this soul exchange machine where each person had to wear a plaid hunting cap with twin ear flaps, connected by wires... well anyways, the script was pretty kleenex flimsy in parts, but I wanted Tupelo Chain Sex to do the soundtrack. The producer, however, more like an iguana in a hounds-tooth jacket, hired some jester who once guarded the backstage deli-tray for Earth, Wind and Peckersnot... That was several years ago, and I'd thought Tupelo was become just another crack, or gob stain on the Hollywood Walk of Fame. But thank Elvis, they're back!!! and hauling a tractor-trailer full of Sunset Strip sleaze jazz, a few kidnapped salsa and reggae licks, hardcore toasting, but you know with singer Limey Dave, and guitarist Tupelo Joe behind the wheel, you're in for a few weirdness detours, and they're hauling dynamite, strictly no headcheese. Chilli dogs up the ass, an anti-drugs tune, a couple of funny Waits-Newman style Tales of L.A., although some of the satire can get a bit obvious (check out "Pinkie Slim", some cardboard character cut-ups) but close to salvaged by the groovemaster twins, Paul Lines(drums) and Jason Keene(bass), not to forget about ex-Zappa sax great, Stumuk, and Tupelo's got it all in their travelling circus. And if you ever see Cheech in a Taco Bell with pencils up his nose, Please!, I beseech you, beat the pus out of him. (*Cargo Records/Someone Else, but Blake took the album home and didn't put the address down*)

Blake "The Beer Slut" Cheetah

Mudhoney, Suprefuzz Bigmuff
Guitars turned up to twelve. Distortion boxes pummelled into the ground. Hair and beads flying in every direction, rescued from the ashes of *Green River*, Mudhoney redefine the word grunge. Influences are obvious and they'll be the first to admit, The Stooges being the obvious rock gods to these hearty lads. But Revivalists they are not. The first six song EP for this Seattle Quartet, burns, boils, fries and yeah... rocks. Songs like *If I*

Think and In 'n' Out of Grace. Crawl up your back and then crack you over the head, embracing you in their growling prowess. Singer Mark Arm ex-Green river, wails through these tunes, reminiscent of a caged Banshee let loose for the first time. This an amazing effort for a band that is barely over a year old, full of sonic wah wah, fuzz and gritty grunge. If this EP doesn't raise your hairs and boil your blood, I don't know what will. Buy it, steal it, play it, play it, play it. Did I mention it was really good? (*Subpop P.O. Box 20645, Seattle, WA, 98102, USA*)

Patrick H.

Sonic Youth, Touch Me I'm Sick 12" Mudhoney, Halloween 12"

Here's an interesting project. New York City's premier guitar band meets Seattle's fastest grungiest rising stars. Each band covering the other's song on one 12". How would this fare in the public's eye (or ear)? One would assume that Sonic Youth, being the innovative vets that they are, would dominate. But as much as I like this band, I'd have to say that Mudhoney are the clear winners after the smoke clears. To cover a Sonic Youth song in the first place is a brave move on anyone's part, and Mudhoney graduate with flying colours. They turn *Halloween* all their own, wrapped in signature thumping bass and driving distorted guitars, all crashing in the end to a rendition of the opening chords of *I Wanna Be Your Dog*. Though I like Sonic Youth's version of Mudhoney's first single *Touch Me I'm Sick*, they almost seem to be going through the motions at times and they are helped on the wah wah side of things by *Das Damen* guitarist Alex Totino for that extra touch. Still interesting though. The release of this 12" coincides with the current Sonic Youth/Mudhoney tour of Europe. Which ties things in. Well worth checking out. (*Subpop/Blast First*)

Patrick H.

Depeche Mode, 101

Depeche Mode do pop just the way I like it; dark, melodic and very lyrics oriented. *101* marks their one hundred and first live show. I believe, which took place at the Pasadena Rose Bowl, last June. The double album contains 17 of their best songs produced extremely well live and a 16-page booklet of black and white photos of the show. If you don't already own most of the songs on this compilation it is worth picking up. Longtime Depeche fans, though will want to get their hands on the booklet and "cover art" (*Sire Records*)

Joanna Banana

Dee Dee King, Standing In The Spotlight
Dee Dee Ramone makes a rap album and

A LITTLE UNDERCOVER WORK



by BURNT BARFETT

About a month ago my wife fell off of a 747. She had noticed an inconsistent buzzing in one of the engines. The pilot tried to tell her that everything was all right but apparently she wouldn't listen. Always trying to make things perfect, she jumped out onto the wing and started to fiddle with the engine. As a child she had spent most of her time near the airport hanging around with the mechanics. So I guess her ego took over and she lost her life trying to impress the other passengers who were probably just a bunch of drunk salesmen from Indiana.

Well, she fixed the engine but on her way back to the hatch she slipped on one of the flaps and plummeted. Luckily she landed in a wagon carrying a huge load of soft straw and was saved. But unfortunately her fate was sealed when the drunken wagon driver drove off a cliff.

At first I was angry. Then I slowly began to feel guilty and soon I refused to accept her death and denied it to all my friends which was difficult, especially at the funeral. After the anger, guilt and denial were over I was overcome by an immense feeling of inner peace and at last I accepted her death. Four days later I felt angry about feeling angry and guilty in the first place.

We had been married for three years. We were soul mates. Most of our friends called us The Brother and Sister of Love. We pledged to always be faithful and true. Of course everything wasn't always peaches and cream. Quite often it was bananas and beer. I still remember that fateful day when she almost left me because I was hanging out and getting drunk with three polar bears from the wrong side of the zoo. The sad part is I almost let her go I figured if she couldn't accept my friends it would never work. It took a few days in the drunk tank with three hallucinating bears to make me realize that this was no life for me. In spite of the free fish the bears offered me I chose to return to my wife, if she would have me.

She took me back and we lived in a happy world of blenders, vacuums and acid house music.

Since I am very much a loner the possibility of meeting another woman was slim. And since I ran a mail order diet pill business the possibility of meeting a slim woman was impossible.

Right before my wife was put to her final rest in the warm earth I had Bell Canada install a phone in her coffin. I figured whenever I became lonely I could pick up my phone and call my wife and know that at least there would be some intimate contact even if it was only the fact that a noise that I caused was happening next to her. Once a week I would call and let the phone ring and ring. It gave me a sense of closeness.

Last night I decided to get the phone taken out. I had finally come to grips with the loss and wanted to go on living but I still wanted to make one last call for old times sake. I now realize what an idiot I was. The line was busy.

By now you must realize that this month's column is about relationships and what a drag they can be. So here's a few album covers that might help you through the rough times.

First on the list is *Halloween Everywhere* by The Gore Hounds. The cover art was done by a guy called Ned. Ned chose a beautifully simple black, white and red combination. The cover is a gruesome portrayal of a Hallowe'en night (my new and wonderful girlfriend's birthday) gone wrong or right depending on your outlook. On the album cover a bunch of goofs dressed up for Hallowe'en witness a dismembering. There is a valuable message here. The address on the house is 996 so keep this in mind when dating. Anyone living in a place with any combination of 6, 9 or 13 is probably related to or a good friend of Satan and you might not be into that scene.

Let's move onto an album by House of Freaks called *Tantilla*. Apparently the photo comes from The Valentine Museum (ask me if I care) (*do you care?*—ed.) and depicts a shadowy couple sharing shadowy secrets while strolling down a shadowy street and probably on their way to a shady affair at his place. I think we've all had our fill of one night stands so be careful out there. But as always the old rule of thumb rings true: Never go home with someone who bites your nails and stay out of the backseat.

Last but not least, is an album cover designed and illustrated by David Wylie (who to the best of my knowledge has never been to The Valentine Museum). The album is entitled *Rhesus Pieces* by Guerilla Welfare. So basically we got a monkey in a cool black television set looking out into a dark world of weirdness complete with one of those gothic-looking pillars. What you should realize by now is that animals rarely make the perfect spouse. First of all, they seem to have their own language and keep mainly to their own species. Secondly, most landlords don't allow any pets and thirdly they tend to stink up the place anyways.

presto, he's Dee Dee King—car company crest medallion and all. Scary thought eh? Well hold on a sec., it really isn't so far out. You know how the Ramones parody Rock 'n Roll? Ya, well that's what Dee Dee does with Rap and Pop on this LP, and it works. I even like some of this stuff (the blasphemer that I am). A few Ramones fans I talked to about *Standing in the Spotlight* were less thrilled about Dee Dee's solo effort and if you are expecting to hear loud bopping 3 chord rock you probably won't care for this one either 'cause it's different. There isn't any sampling or scratching or any of that funny stuff you usually find on rap records, just M.C. King spouting funny stories about girls and booze and the beach and girls... over late 50ish do-wop toons. Check out them titles: *Mashed Potato Time*, *Commotion on the Ocean and I Want What I Want When I Want It*, *Poor Little Rich Girl*, *Baby Doll* (a song for his wife—shudder) and *Emergency* sound an awful lot like his other band (the Ramones? shhh). Anyhow, if you are into the Ramones' mentality buy it—you'll like it. (*Sire Records*)

Joanna Banana

Peter Case, The Man With The Blue Post
This is Peter Case's second solo LP. If you remember a couple of years back he had some success with *The Old Blue Car*, *Blue Guitar* continues in much the same subtle blues/country/rock vein regardless of the artsy pretentious title on the cover. He's got quite a line-up of session men in the studio with him this time around, including: David Lindley, Ry Cooder and T Bone Burnett. All this album needs now is a video and we could be talking big time for Mr. Case. (*Geffen Records*).

Joanna Banana



Firehose, Fromohio

Firehose are an acquired taste. Quirky musical structures, combining Funk and Jazz beats in collision with Post-Minutemen-Hardcore sensibilities. Firehose are not the kind of band you can simply pass the time with or use as background music. Firehose demand your attention and if you give it, it's well worth while. *Fromohio* is the trio's third release. The music on *Fromohio* is actually a quieter whirlwind than previous releases. *Riddle Of The Eighties* opening up the album comes dangerously close to REM in moments, but is carried in assurance by Crawford. A nice, sort of wrap up song for the end of the Eighties which is almost stopped dead in its tracks when one expects more. Lyrically, Firehose seem to have always been ambiguous. Tales tied together by rhymes more than content ("The fetchin' beats wretched like scratchin' cures itchin' - ifn'"). But yet somehow seems to hold together through catchy riffs and impeccable musicianship by the rhythm section of Watt and Hurley. Though the initial fire of their debut *Ragin' Full On* has not been re-kindled since they've had a steady direction in the last three years. The end result is an inspiring record, moving to a pop-music structure, intelligently presented, too curious and challenging for the mainstream to approach or appreciate. (*SST, P.O. Box 1, Lawndale Ca. U.S.A., 96260*)

Patrick H.

Henri Rollins, Sweatbox

This is a talking record, no music. That's what it says on the sleeve and by gub if it

ain't tellin' the truth. This is just you and Henri for six sides of stand-up, preachin', poetry and glass clinking. From L.A. to Budapest via walkman, what a better way to spend a Sunday afternoon. If you wanna hear 'bout it, Henri will tell ya. It's blunt, honest, damn funny, but as all spoken word records, of limited use. One play'll do ya. Go see Henri live and feel the sweat you can only hear on the record. (*Texas Hotel Records*).

John Sekerka

Roger Manning

Split December's Option in half and read about the folk revival in New York. Okay now you know what Roger Manning does, but is it good? Yeah, but I'm a sucker for a busker bangin' away on his guitar to *Big Appleites*. I'll admit to liking early *Dylan*, and this is what you get here: Stuffed-nose vocals, messy hair, left wing content and a unique delivery. Lucky for Manning there's a lot more shit in this world to spout 'bout. (*SST Records, P.O. Box 1, Lawndale, Cal 9026*).

John Sekerka



Right As Rain, Under Town

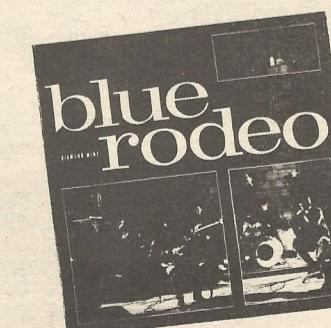
Woogie on farting Poodle probably likes this one, I sure don't. The lead sniveller in this band can whine lots of notes, too bad he couldn't attach some of them to interesting words. I'm guessing that this one is aimed at the alternative pop market, so we get: Fat and stupid from the snare, nearly inaudible cymbals, one distorted and one jangly guitar, and a pretty good bass sound. This one is less interesting than most of this genre. (*DB Records, 432 Moreland Ave NE, Atlanta, Ga 30307*).

Ewan MacDonald

Love Tractor, Themes From Venus

I hope this review is inedible. (*Nothing is inedible—ed.*) I like this record. It's like seventies weird-rock, like from the early seventies, yeah! Cool vocals, great guitars, wowie! Way cool effects, bitchin', rad, hella cool! You are so dumb, yahoo, excellent, rippin' all right!!! (*DB Records, 432 Moreland Ave. NE, Atlanta, Ga 30307*).

Ewan MacDonald



Blue Rodeo, Diamond Mine

I don't mind this record. A few of the 13 songs have odd musical intros, maybe to help set the mood. Some of these tunes come off as country with a deathrock feel, very dark lyrically. Most of the songs concern love gone wrong with a few "What's the matter with the world?" lyrics. This one was recorded very cleanly. Perhaps this sterility contributes to its overall darkness. You'll hear drums, guitars, interesting keyboards, a smooth bass sound and some country inflection in the vocals. A few tiny

bits of the overall sound on this record reminded me of the Grovelling Swillburies (puke, wretch, vomit, regurgitate, heave, upchuck, woof, gag, barf!). (WEA).

Ewan MacDonald

Cro-Mags, Best Wishes

Finally! After almost three years the Cro-Mags have finally managed to follow up their incredible *Age Of Quarrel* album. A lot of people were apprehensive about how good this album would be now that John Joseph aka Bloodclot is no longer in the band. Sort of like The Ramones without Joey or Sc.u.m. without Anthony. Well fear not, because bassist Harley Flanagan the evil looking, tattoo scarred, former skinhead goon has more than filled the shoes of his former bandmate. Originally titled *Near Death Experience*, this album is an absolute killer. As the drums and bass build up to the twin guitar explosion on the anti-vivisection song *Death Camps*, I already knew that this was going to be my favorite album this year. I know that purists (no names) are going to think that *Best Wishes* is over produced or too metal, and I must admit that I almost swallowed my gum when I first heard the melodic vocals on *The Only One*. Mr. Flanagan has got one hell of a powerful voice and it really doesn't sound too bad once you get used to it. In any case he gets right back to the crunch on *Down But Not Out*. The lyrics are pretty angry and negative, as was the case on the first album. This time around though he does seem to suggest that there may be a glimmer of hope for this big old world if people start paying more attention to what's going on around them. Get this one. (*Profile Records Inc. 740 Broadway, New York, NY 10003*)

John Coinner

Uncle Slam, Say Uncle

This record kind of reminds me of the first time I heard the S.O.D. album. A band with a stupid name, a stupid album cover, incredibly stupid lyrics, all to the tune of some incredibly heavy music that gets incredibly boring, incredibly fast. However, unlike S.O.D., Uncle Slam are a new band using an old formula that doesn't really end up working for them. It has all the ingredients: lots of double bass and lots of guh, guh, guh, guitars, but nothing to separate them from the pack. They do a metal/rap that's so so, but that's hardly a new idea. The best thing about this album is the title of the first two songs: *Weirdo Man* and *The Ugly Dude*. Sounds like a *Mojo Nixon* tune. (*Virgin Records Canada*)

John Coinner

Vortex, Le Clan Des Chaotiques

When you think of Belgium, you think of Play It Again Sam's stable of industrial electronic bands like The Neon Judgment. The label's high profile in the U.S. and Canada has perhaps given us a one-sided image of the music industry over there. Well, there's more than aggressive electronic, neo-goth in the land of waffles. A prime example of this is the five-year-old punk/rock/hardcore hybrid-Vortex. The nine track debut LP features for the most part French lyrics living up to their slogan: "Everywhere in the world, the fight must continue..." Each song combines a chaotic hardcore body with really cool intros. *La Terre de Troquet* begins with a classical guitar bit, then progresses to a thrash which clocks in at Warp 9. *Lost in Underdark* begins with an evil slow deep synthed-out voice then breaks into the "is it a guitar or sax?" instrumentation. All tracks are have backing *ous* and *ahs* giving them a Dead Kennedy's *I Am the Owl* tone. Actually the vocals are what I'd imagine if Biafra sang in French with a slight British accent. Fuck Ludwig Von 88, if it's French language hardcore you're looking for get this LP and their next album (which will kick even harder) due out in July or August. (*Vortex c/o Michel Aubert, 16 rue du Boucqueau 6071 Chatelet, Belgium*).

Shawn Scallen

for cassettes only

De La Soul, *3 Feet High and Rising*

From the opening track, aptly intitled *Intro*, which is an intro to a weird game show, I knew this wouldn't be your typical rap album. From the neon pink, green, blue, yellow and orange coloured cover to the flowers and peace symbols adorning it, you can tell it's going to contain neither pro-black power shit, nor party-till-you-puke anthems. These three dudes are soft-spoken, positive and just plain cool. Where other rap relies on rocking guitar licks or spectacular scratching De La Soul's music is secondary to the mellow vocals. *Jennifer Taught Me* is a really hot dance track. *Transmitting Live From Mars* is a slow waltz with clips from one of those Learn French Quick tapes. The inner sleeve is covered with really neat Adventures-of-De La Soul-type comic strip. And if that's not enough of a reason to pick it up, there are 24 songs on this album ranging from 30 seconds to five minutes in length. All are calm and cool, well thought out, light rap tunes, with jazz influences here and soca influences there. There was "flowe power" in the 60s and "peace punks" in the 70s. Now there's De La Soul's dozen tracks of easy-listening rap. (Tommy Boy, 1747 First Avenue, NYC, NY 10128).

Shawn Scallen

Keith Le Blanc, *Stranger Than Fiction*

Once a decade, a prophet of percussion takes the music scene by storm. And for the past two, his name has been Keith. The latest one, Le Blanc, is the heaviest and most proficient percussionist and programmer in the current wave of hip-hop industrial dance bands. It all began in the mid-70s, when Le Blanc, fresh out of high school, did some serious sessioning at Sugarhill studios in New Jersey. One solo single later, he met British mixmaster Adrian Sherwood at a new music seminar. The rest is history—**Tackhead**, **Fats Comet**, **The Maffia**. *Stranger Than Fiction* encompasses the full spectrum. Songs like *Steps* and *Whatever* feature straight-ahead jazz drumming a la Buddy Rich, *But Whitey* has a Brazilian feel, *Count This* incorporates African Rhythms and sirgey Dead Can Dance-style synthesizers. All with a touch of technology to give each an eighties feel. The rest of the tracks are typical Tackhead-type masterpieces. Sci-fi film samples, hardcore dance rhythms and subtle yet essential environmental overtones—a must for Tackhead and drum fans alike. Now that the moon has set, long live the new Keith. (nettwerk Productions, 1717 West 4th Ave., Vancouver, BC V6J 1M2).

Shawn Scallen

Soulside, *Bass* (EP)

Soulside rule. End of review. Okay, maybe not. This EP follows in the vein of the heavier elements of Soulside's last LP *Trigger*. There are two new songs *Bass* and *103*, and a ripping live version of *Otherside*, from their first album recorded live at the 9:30 Club in Washington, D.C. *Bass* and *103* are positive songs telling people to get up and do something, calling for action against oppression. Haevy metal guitars. Heavy, pounding, bass and drums. Deep, soulful vocals. Aggressive melodic metal/rap/soul influenced hardcore. Yeah! (Discord Records, 3819 Beecher St NW, Wash., D.C. 20007-1802).

Shawn Scallen

Skinner Box

This album is sooo fuckin' mellow that they've even credited some sanskrit translations for Chrissakes! I suppose music like this has its time and place. And I'm sure it takes more than a couple of listens to get used to it, but it'll never get the chance on my turntable. And I thought **R.E.M.** was boring! (Bobok Ltd., Box 43787, Tucson, AZ 85733).

Zippy

Iodine Raincoats

This EP is not very exciting, not unlike most other EPs to come out of middle America.

The music is what would happen if you put drums, bass, guitars and some vocals into a computer and set it for blandness. the boring lyrics match the tediousness of the music that's comin' out of the speakers as I write this. One wonders how the members of the Iodine Raincoats stay in a band like this and can stay excited about playing in the band. (*No address on the jacket, which come to think of it was probably planned*).

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

The Hard-Ons, *Dick Cheese*

I was only interested in this album because of one song called *Stairway to Punchbowl* which is basically some backwards guitar and some stupid droning on about nothing. It's been done a million times before and you know what, it's still boring. This album is basically a soundtrack to America of the late 80's. Boring, conservative bullshit. Dick Cheese sounds like so much else that it is beyond redundancy. You'd think that the Hard-Ons would have some sort of sense of humour but the funniest thing they've probably ever done is negotiated the record contract to get this album out. Why is it that the music that is the so-called alternative or progressive music of the day is just the same swill from the Heavy Metal kids of the past. In the Age of Reagan this heavymetalsomething just bugs the shit out of me. Put some spirit back in your music. (*They shoulda left the address off of this one too, Taang Records, PO Box 51, Auburndale, MA 02166*)

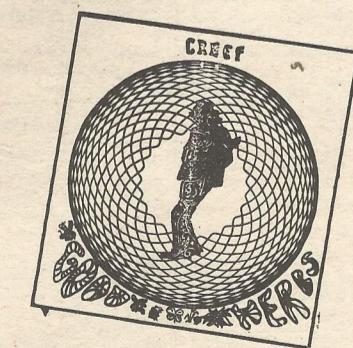
Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell



Bel Canto, *White Out Conditions*

First LP from this three member group, produced in Brussels, nine songs, over produced multi FX mixes and large, deep hall FXs voice. Female yodeling vocals through multi effects makes Nirvana ambience smell too much. Like *Cocteau*'s sound. Second side has more of a New Age feel, like the finish on *Upland* and *Jappy* tracks. Instruments used are computerized keyboards mixed with acoustic instruments like flute, guitar, percussion all mixed through lots and lots of FXs. (*Crammed Disk/Capitol*).

Bery



Creef, *Good Herbs*

I was lucky to get one of the first 1,000 vinyl pressings; fluorescent faded in multicolor printed on a white sleeve. They sound like the sleeve looks! Green voice, acoustic guitar, dry drum, etc... Also, they dust off old psyche from indiancitarkindofearlyquarterBeatles. This album gets better as it goes along. There's a happy, early 60's sound to it. Evolution seems to be their goal—and they'll get there if they don't quit. They successfully achieve an ambience which creates a psychoacoustic kind of revival. If you get psyched-out on

anykind of smoke or anything else, you can grab this album and you're there. (Peter Markovinovic, RR#3, Guelph, Ont N1H 6H9).

Bery

Nos Amis Les Betes

That's okay, mine are too. This is a great compilation of punk'n'party music from the latest wave of music from France. Some tunes are bluesy, others rock real hard and others use the accordian up front which would liven up any party. Stand-out cuts are by **Ludwig Von 88**, **Les P.P.I.**, **Les Satellites** and **Washington Dead Cats**. The album also comes with a 16-page booklet with crazy art, lyrics and all the dope on the bands. A great introduction to the new French Revolution. Je ne comprends pas tout le français but I can't understand what most English bands are singing anyway. (*Bodage Records/Cargo who are moving and we don't have their new address yet*).

Zippy

Th'Inbred, *Kissin' Cousins*

Is there a category of music yet called Post-Hardcore? If so, this is what I would classify this music as, or maybe experimental hardcore. Liner notes call it Jazzy-hardcore and I suppose that applies to some songs. Certainly the song arrangements are as innovative as good free-form Jazz. Other tunes rock out solidly with the quirky stops and starts of hardcore. I don't really like the singer's voice too much and some of the lyrics are kinda stupid. It's tough to categorize and that must be a good sign. I'd say they lie somewhere between **Nomaensno** and **Rhythm Pigs**. (*Toxic Shock, Box 242, LA Cal 91769*).

Zippy

Jesus Crysler, *The demons Nightmare*

Great name for a band. Great album cover. This is what you'd call your basic socio-political criticism of society by a buncha sarcastic punks. It also rocks out pretty good, although most of the songs sound the same. I like the album, but I can't think of anything that sets it apart from a hundred other Punk'n'Roll bands. Some tasty guitar leads. Good production. Reminds me a bit of Toronto's UIC. (*Toxic Shock Records, Box 43787 Tuscon Az 85733*).

Zippy

Rattail Grenadier

The saying goes 'don't judge a book by its cover' and this obviously extends to record albums as well. The name Rattail Grenadier confirms my suspicion that they must be running out of names for bands. The dumb name and exceptionally boring album cover are deceiving considering the energy charged Punk'n'Roll that explodes off the slab of vinyl inside. 17 rockin' songs that sound right out of '77. Even a guest appearance by a member of the **Zero Boys**. Punk ain't dead yet. (*Road Kill Records, P.O.Box 37, Prospect Heights, IL. 60070-0037*).

Zippy

Billy Atwell, *Ferret In a China Shop*

Ex-Inbred and **Rhythm Pig**, Billy Atwell has officially (according to the accompanying propaganda) denounced Punk and ventures out on his own. He's definitely marching to his own peculiar beat. A very strange and eclectic collection of songs here. Mostly instrumentals influenced by plays (Sma Sheppard's *True West*) and movies (*The Shining*), classical music and rock. Some stuff is really mellow and atmospheric. On other tunes he's trying to cram too many ideas and influences into one song. This is like, really artsy and pretentious stuff, but certainly an interesting album. Not fantastic, just interesting. (*Bobok, P.O.Box 43787 Tucson, AZ 85733*).

Zippy

Send free albums and junk mail to RearGarde, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal H3G 2N4.

It's last minute panic time and I, Emma (ET), am searching for inspiration. Not being able to inspire myself, I figured I'd truck these tapes down to my place of employment and ask my co-workers for help once again. I know—I'm a glutton for punishment. The principal abusers this month are: **Alain Leblanc** (AL), you were introduced to him last month as the King of Metal, this month he's the Queen of Disco. Next we have **Peter Stefani** (PS) who last month occupied the rank of Geek #2. Seeing as Geek #1 suddenly came down with a bad case of the wimps, Peter has been promoted to Geek #1. A position he is fully qualified for. **Last and Least** is a new member to the group of grave-yard shift stiffs, **Luc Bousquet** (LB), we've affectionately named him Bobo Head. I'm not sure why. It may help to note that the Queen of Disco is a heavy metal, speedmetal, speedcore freak. Geek #1 has no relevant opinions and Bobo Head is your alternative/rock type mellow fellow. Onward...

First one up is a really ugly band called **Terminal Confusion**, who play really ugly music, the cassette is entitled *What I See....* I personally enjoy their high quality type of music when they're doing their hardcore thing—it's those stupid guitar solos that bug my ass in a big way. Unfortunately, the heavy metal antics out number the good parts four to one. Dodo had one very inspiring comment, he suggested that the vocalist "sounds like the Tasmanian Devil". I guess he's up a lot on Saturday mornings. The Queen of Disco thought the music was great (surprise, surprise) but that the vocals stank, "as long as your drunk it don't matter." In other words he loved them. Geek #1 had his first irrelevant opinion of the evening, "These guys are gifted musicians. They should go work for an operatic society, as floor sweepers. Hee hee." (ET) (AL) (LB) (PS)

Terminal confusion: 42-37 203 Street, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

Well, his name is **Teddy Day**, and the music is, uh, average. It's formula rock, just perfect for those CHUM stations. He sounds kinda like a rejected Bowie clone. Dodo adds, "he doesn't stand out, he just kinda sits on your ears." The Queen of Disco added his two cents worth with this suggestion, "He should start by changing his name, maybe he'll get more inspiration. Just look what happened to me when I changed mine. Besides he sounds constipated. Wasn't worth the ten minutes." Geek #2 started out by liking this but after several more seconds of listening changed that to, "he should take up mail-order singing lessons. (ET) (LB) (AL) (PS)

Ted Day, 3440 Durocher St #805, Montreal, Que H2X 2E2.

Wammee, The Demo was next on our butcher list but alas it was not to be. Dodo and Geek#2 really enjoyed this one. Geek #2 really liked the blues song *Blues Again*. Dodo really liked the happy, energetic tune called *Victory Pill*. The Queen of Disco stayed away from this one. I thought they were alright, alittle to wimpy for my taste, although *Victory Pill* did set my toes-a-tappin'. (LB) (PS) (ET)

Rocket Management: 2 Boulton Ave., Suite 9, Toronto, Ont M4M 2J3.

Yo, Still Smiling, pay attention they may become the new pop music darlings in the bland Canadian music scene. Check out the following comments and you'll understand why... Geek #2 says, "Pretty mild music. Finally Emma, something my tiny brain can cope with." The Queen of Disco actually said the following, "The song writing sounds promising. And there were a couple of good guitar licks." Maybe the guitarist should find himself a heavy metal band to play with. Dodo, "Not bad." I'm not partial to this kind of formula pop music, but you have to admit they're slick and very professional. (PS) (AL) (LB) (ET)

Still Smiling: 2050 Decarie Suite B, Montreal, Quebec H4A 3J3.

The following two cassette reviews were done by people not associated with the above. I'm sure they'll be forever grateful that I've mentioned it. The first by Deborah (D), the second by David James (DJ).

Jump In The Pool's demo is a selection of songs from their 1st album, the ominous 'King Of Metal', whoever he may be (latent Elvis Fan) may compliment is by not appreciating them. However, J.I.T.P. provide—ultimate estranged 80's love songs, with *Reinforcement*. A good dance track *Come Here, Sit Down, Let's Talk Again*. A ska tempo with *You Care* and video material with *On Your Own*. With good sax, trumpet, keyboards and realistic backing tape of drums and bass. A hint of everyone's taste, they are terra firma, not wet by any means. (D)

Jean Dussault 4818 St.Urbain Suite #1 Mtl H2T 2W2.

If the Cult had followed through on their psychedelic leanings instead of trying to be Aerosmith they might have sounded like **I.T.** Comparison to the **Mission of Burma** and **Jane's Addiction** also come to mind but to dismiss **It** as merely a copycat band would be unfair, their more ambitious than that. Besides having a healthy respect for wah-wah peddles the band also shows a willingness to throw in some different things like horns, piano and bangos. This is a confident debut that has reportedly sparked some interest from record people in Europe. Stand out tracks on *Change Comes Around* include *Scary Monsters*, *Green Binder* and especially *Pictures in Time*. (DJ)

36 Bromton Drive, Scarborough, Ontario M1P 4B8.

Remember to send your cassettes and general all-round junk to RearGarde c/o the address on the left there...

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Monday, May 1
Albert's Hall: *Lazy Lester and Loaded Dice.*
Cabana: The triumphant return of *Peoples Republic of Dave (P.R.O.D.)*.
Cameron: *Andrew O'Rourke with the Current Ensemble.*
Clinton's: *Minstrels From Quebec, I'm Told.*
Diamond: Nettwerk recording artist *Sarah McLachlan with Watertown*.
Lee's: *Frost in June with The Crush.*
Marquee: *Tippy-A-Go-Go* with *Streetwise and Heartland*.
Rivoli: *The Kids in the Hall*. Comedy.
Slither: Elvis Monday's with *Tractor Pull*.
Sneaky Dees: *Robbie Rox*, power quartet.

Tuesday, May 2
Albert's Hall: *Lazy Lester and Loaded Dice.*
Cabana: *Capitol I* with *Suburban Underground*.
Cameron: *John Lennard Trio*. Jazz in the Traditional sense.
Clinton's: *Morris Gordon Quartet*.
Diamond: *Prairie Oyster with Melody Ranch*.
Lee's: *Bory Grove with Skyless and the Clouds*.
Marquee: *One Free Fall*, straight up balls-in-your-teeth rock with *It*.
Rivoli: Hollywood Productions and CKLN 88.1 Present *Mo Tucker* with guests *Half Japanese*.
Siboney: *John Hamman Quartet with the Crumpets*.
Sneaky Dees: *The Rednecks*, Rock 'n Roll.

Wednesday, May 3
Albert's Hall: *Lazy Lester and Loaded Dice.*
Cabana: *Kate Friesen Band* and guests.
Cameron: *The Garbagemen*.
Clinton's: *High Lonesome* with guest and all round dude *Bob Snider*.
Entex: *Girlschool*. New album. New look.
Lee's: *Sarah Craig with Blind Date*.
Marquee: *The Sattelites* reggae with *Melwood Cutlery Rockabilly*.
Rivoli: *Saddle Tramps with The Thin Line and The Sea Elephants*.
Siboney: *Nebraska with Heat Wave and Straight Razor*.
Slither: *Phlemmy Wednesdays*.

Thursday, May 4
Albert's Hall: *Lazy Lester and Loaded Dice.*
Bamboo: *Sonny Okosuns and his Ozzidi Band* African Hi-life music.
Cabana: *The Fringe with Slippery When Wet*.
Cameron: *Micah Barnes Quartet*.
Clinton's: *The Flying Bulger Klezmer Band*. Who's Bulger and what the hell's a Klezmer?
Diamond: *The Phantoms with Tony D. and the Wallin' Damians*.
Entex: *Eric Burdon and the Animals*. Huh?
Horseshoe: *Green River*. This isn't that band from Seattle is it? I didn't think so.
Lee's: *Swamp Baby with The Saddle Tramps*.
Marquee: *Melwood Cutlery Rockabilly with The Fashion Plates*.
Rivoli: *Panic Productions and CKLN 88.1* Present *Jack Wright and John Oswald*. An evening of Alternative Improvisation by two masters.
Siboney: *The Nancy Sinatras*.
Slither: *Garden Bower with Capital I*.

Friday, May 5
Albert's Hall: *Lazy Lester and Loaded Dice.*
Bamboo: *Sonny Okosuns and his Ozzidi Band* African Hi-life music.
Cabana: *Utterly Sputter with The Bridges Over*.
Cameron: Friday Matinee with *Bratty* from 6:30 to 8:30. Day Price Beer. Evening, *The Touchstones*.
Clinton's: *Micah Barnes Quartet*.
Entex: *Runs 'Your Hoses and Ragdoll*.
Horseshoe: *The Bourbon Tabernacle Choir*.
Lee's: *13 Engines*. Back from a huge US tour that hopefully went better than the last one EH?
Marquee: *Melwood Cutlery Rockabilly with The Fashion Plates*.
Rivoli: *Shadow Men on A Shadowy Planet*. Last On-Land Date before tentative European Tour.
Siboney: *The Phantoms and The Scamblers*.
Slither: *A.K.A. with Broken Smile*.
Sneaky Dees: *Crow's Theatre Benefit*.

Saturday, May 6
Albert's Hall: *Lazy Lester and Loaded Dice*.
Apocalypse: From Vancouver Ex-Slow Scrambles.
Bamboo: *Sonny Okosuns and his Ozzidi Band* African Hi-life music.
Cabana: *Absolute Whores with Healthy Sunforce*.
Marquee: *Belle Vistas*.
Rivoli: *The Gary's and CKLN 88.1* Present Direct from England after years and years *Annette Peacock*.
Siboney: *Tex-Tones*.
Slither: *Sea Elephants with Bob Snider*.

Libido.
Cameron: Saturday matinee with *Johnny McLeod*, 7:00 to 9:00, Day Price Beer. Evening: *Wipeout Beach*.
Clinton's: *Micah Barnes Quartet*.
Entex: *Scarecrow Whew-weee*.
Horseshoe: *The Bourbon Tabernacle Choir*.
Lee's: *Elliot Lefko Presents The Pandoras* with guests *Swamp Baby*.
Marquee: *Mark James Fortin*.
Rivoli: *Shadow Men on A Shadowy Planet*. Last On-Land Date before tentative European Tour.
Siboney: *Mark James Fortin*.
Slither: *Elvis Monday's with The Laughing Apples*.
Sneaky Dees: *Still Life*, Afro rhythms.

Sunday, May 7
Clinton's: *Doug Watson Quartet*.
Diamond: Capitol recording artist *Tim Finn*.
Lee's: Every Sunday Blues Jam 3-6 pm, Rock Jam 7-11pm.

Monday, May 8
Albert's Hall: From Ottawa *The Drew Nelson Band*.
Bamboo: *Nakupenda*, African Hi-life.
Cabana: Once again *People's Republic of Dave (P.R.O.D.)* What Does This Mean?
Cameron: *The Myles Roberts Trio*.
Clinton's: *Joey Goldstein Band*.
Diamond: Enigma recording artists and all round red necks with a twist. *Mojo Nixon and Skid Roper* with *E.J. Brule*.
Horseshoe: *Mondo Combo*.
Lee's: *Fringe with Remarque*.
Marquee: *Supreme Bagg Team* one of them there OG compilation bands that I still haven't gotten around to see but are probably pretty happening nonetheless. Oh... by the way they're playing with *Raw King Alligators*.
Rivoli: Two(2) Poet(Poe-et) Launch(a meal at noon) with *Maggie Helwig and Kate Van Dyke*.
Slither: Elvis Mondays with *Drums Along the Gardiner*.
Sneaky Dees: *Rolf Kempf*, songs from a wasted youth.

Tuesday, May 9
Albert's Hall: From Ottawa *The Drew Nelson Band*.
Bamboo: *Okyerema Asante*, Percussion from Ghana.
Cabana: Special Party, A farewell for Alison So if you knpw Alison you better be there.
Cameron: *John Lennard Trio*. Jazz in the Traditional sense.
Clinton's: *Suzie and The Revells*.
Diamond: CPI presents Nettwerk recording artists *Front 242*.
Lee's: *Septeto Cincio*.
Marquee: From Montreal and apparently still happening in a big way *39 Steps with Healthy Libido and Drowning Saharas*.
Rivoli: Perhaps *The Cockleshell Heros*, at print unconfirmed.
Sneaky Dees: *Two Hands with Underground and the Makers*.
Sneaky Dees: *Absolute Whores*, drinkability.

Wednesday, May 10
Albert's Hall: From Ottawa *The Drew Nelson Band*.
Bamboo: *Pat Thomas*, Hi-life music.
Cabana: *Carmen Westfall with the Textones*.
Cameron: *Michael Fitzgerald*.
Diamond: *Virgo (ouch this hurts)* recording artist *Bob Mould* with guest *Kurt Swingshammer*.
Horseshoe: *The Dillons with Big Bang*.
Lee's: *Septeto Cincio*.
Marquee: Grand opening of the Upstairs with *Nyobe ("It's Two Late")* with *CFNY Host May Potts*.
Rivoli: The Gary's and CKLN 88.1 Present Direct from England after years and years *Annette Peacock*.
Slither: *Two Short Gals*.
Sneaky Dees: *The Crush*, original pop.

Thursday, May 11
Albert's Hall: From Vancouver *Kathi McDonald Band with Poppa John King and Butch Coulter*.
Bamboo: *Kenda Bongo Man*, Zoukous music from Zaire.
Cabana: *Days of You with Eternal Now Sky Diggers*.
Cameron: *Micah Barnes Quartet*.
Clinton's: *Those wacky fashion plates*.
Entex: *Pat Travers*.
Horseshoe: *Paul James Band*.
Lee's: *Love Among Savages with Sunforce*.
Marquee: *Belle Vistas*.
Rivoli: The Gary's and CKLN 88.1 Present Direct from England after years and years *Annette Peacock*.
Siboney: *Tex-Tones*.
Slither: *Sea Elephants with Bob Snider*.

Sneaky Dees: *Andrew O'Rourke and The Current Ensemble*.

Friday, May 12
Albert's Hall: From Vancouver *Kathi McDonald Band with Poppa John King and Butch Coulter*.
Apocalypse: From NYC *The Raunch Hands* and from everywhere else *Mr. T Experience* with guests from Missouri *Untamed Youth*.
Bamboo: *Kenda Bongo Man*, Zoukous music from Zaire.
Cabana: *Sky Diggers*.
Clinton's: *John Lennard Trio*. Jazz in the Traditional sense.
Entex: *Those wacky fashion plates*.
Horseshoe: *The Shuffle Demons*.
Lee's: *Coney Hatch*.
Horseshoe: *Paul James Band*.
Lee's: *The Hopping Penguins*.
Marquee: *Belle Vistas*.
Rivoli: The Gary's and CKLN 88.1 Present Direct from England after years and years *Annette Peacock*.
Slither: *Elvis Monday's with The Laughing Apples*.
Sneaky Dees: *Still Life*, Afro rhythms.

Saturday, May 13
Albert's Hall: From Vancouver *Kathi McDonald Band with Poppa John King and Butch Coulter*.
Apocalypse: You know 'em you, Love to hate 'em from Vancouver *The Dayglo Abortions* with performance artist *D.J. Leibowitz*.
Bamboo: *Native Spirit*.
Cabana: *Nigel Marsh with Sprung Rhythm*.
Cameron: Saturday matinee with *Johnny McLeod*, 7:00 to 9:00, Day Price Beer. Evening, *Love Among Savages*.
Clinton's: *Those wacky fashion plates*.
Horseshoe: *Mondo Combo*.
Lee's: *Fringe with Remarque*.
Marquee: *Supreme Bagg Team* one of them there OG compilation bands that I still haven't gotten around to see but are probably pretty happening nonetheless. Oh... by the way they're playing with *Raw King Alligators*.
Rivoli: Two(2) Poet(Poe-et) Launch(a meal at noon) with *Maggie Helwig and Kate Van Dyke*.
Slither: Elvis Mondays with *Drums Along the Gardiner*.
Sneaky Dees: *Rolf Kempf*, songs from a wasted youth.

Sunday, May 14
Albert's Hall: From Ottawa *The Drew Nelson Band*.
Bamboo: *Okyerema Asante*, Percussion from Ghana.
Cabana: Special Party, A farewell for Alison So if you knpw Alison you better be there.
Cameron: *John Lennard Trio*. Jazz in the Traditional sense.
Clinton's: *Suzie and The Revells*.
Diamond: CPI presents Nettwerk recording artists *Front 242*.
Lee's: *Septeto Cincio*.
Marquee: From Montreal and apparently still happening in a big way *39 Steps with Healthy Libido and Drowning Saharas*.
Rivoli: Perhaps *The Cockleshell Heros*, at print unconfirmed.
Sneaky Dees: *Two Hands with Underground and the Makers*.
Sneaky Dees: *Absolute Whores*, drinkability.

Monday, May 15
Bamboo: *Nakupenda*, African Hi-life music.
Cabana: *You Know 'em, You Love 'em People's Republic of Dave*.
Cameron: *Andrew O'Rourke*.
Clinton's: *Stormy Monday*.
Horseshoe: *Foster and Lloyd*.

Tuesday, May 16
Albert's Hall: From Boston *Ronnie Earl and the Broadcasters*.

Bamboo: *Sankofa, Afro-Jazz*.

Cabana: *Slippery When Wet with Inside out*.

Cameron: *John Lennard Trio*. Jazz in the Traditional sense.

Clinton's: *Rocky Berwel and Buzz*.

Horseshoe: *Willie P. Bennett* record release party. And may I say it's about time.

Lee's: *Straight Razor with Heat Wave*.

Marquee: *Mark Manthei*.

Rivoli: *Silk Stockings*. It's about Time these dudes started gigging again. If you have their record you know what I mean.

Sneaky Dees: *Michael Bennett and the Sinners*.

Tuesday, May 17
Bamboo: *Sankofa, Afro-Jazz*.

Cabana: *Slippery When Wet with Inside out*.

Cameron: *John Lennard Trio*. Jazz in the Traditional sense.

Clinton's: *Rocky Berwel and Buzz*.

Horseshoe: *Willie P. Bennett* record release party. And may I say it's about time.

Lee's: *Straight Razor with Heat Wave*.

Marquee: *Mark Manthei*.

Rivoli: *Silk Stockings*. It's about Time these dudes started gigging again. If you have their record you know what I mean.

Sneaky Dees: *Michael Bennett and the Sinners*.

Tuesday, May 18
Bamboo: *Maloko, Makoso-Zoukous from the Camarons*.

Cabana: *The Persuaders with Sea Elephants*.

Cameron: Friday Matinee with *Bratty* from 6:30 to 8:30, Day Price Beer. Evening, *Groovy Religion*. Hey Boys, it's been a while.

Horseshoe: *The Phantoms*.

Lee's: *Elliot Lefko Presents Redd Kross*.

Rivoli: CKLN's Live Dead Orgy presents *Days of You*. Oh I get it....

Lee's: *A.K.A. with Enjoy*.

Marquee: *Malcolm's Interview*.

This could either be a new rap group or a Sex Pistols cover band. I guess we'll find out.

Rivoli: Amok Records Showcase

Featuring *The Whirleygigs* with *Eugene Ripper*.

Slither: *Spring Rhythm*.

Sneaky Dees: *Flying Debris*.

Wednesday, May 19
Albert's Hall: *Cheryl Lescom and Texas Flood*.

Bamboo: *Maloko, Makoso-Zoukous from the Camarons*.

Cabana: *Andrew O'Rourke with The Current Ensemble*.

Cameron: Friday Matinee with *Bratty* from 6:30 to 8:30, Day Price Beer. Evening, *Groovy Religion*. Hey Boys, it's been a while.

Horseshoe: *The Phantoms*.

Lee's: *Elliot Lefko Presents Redd Kross*.

Rivoli: Amok Records Showcase

Featuring *Stern Group* with *Teknakull Raincoats*.

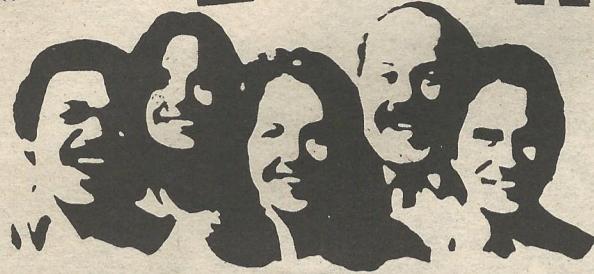
Slither: *The Ground with Guests*.

Sneaky Dees: *Love Among Savages*, madness.

Thursday, May 20
Albert's Hall: *Cheryl Lescom and Texas Flood*.

Apocalypse: In case you were stupid enough to miss them last time, they have a new record out with really pretty art work. Touch'n Go recording artists *The Laughing Hyenas* with very special guests once from Austin, Texas and now from NYC, Homestead recording artists (two whole records) <

FILLER



Okay, a diversion here. Paul and Emma are always complaining about the length of this column but they never seem to complain about the length of anybody else's columns. Well this issue I swore to get even so I've included a list of suggestions as to how they can make the column longer.

Okay here we go:

Thirty ways to make this column longer:

1. You can space the lines between the sentences I write much larger.
2. You can put bigger pictures of people, places or things in the column that'd take up lotsa space and will be real "filler."
3. You can write my name in much bigger letters.
4. You can make the title of the column in bigger print.
5. You can put big pictures of Marilyn Monroe in the column.
6. You can put big pictures of Joan Jett in the column.
7. You can finally use that picture of me with my tongue up my nose and that can again be real "filler".
8. You can mix in edited parts from the rest of the magazine and put them at the bottom of this column.
9. You can mix in the stuff you edit from the listings page.
10. You can get the edited stuff from Jenny Ross' column in the Mirror and put it in Filler.
11. You can have me draw up a list of all the bands I don't like and we can name them in the column and I'll even say why I don't like them.
12. You can make the pages smaller.
13. You can find someone else to write the column with me and we can do a point/counterpoint type of thing.
14. You can move this column onto the editorial page and move the editorials here. I mean there usually is more information here than in the editorial page anyways.
15. You can reprint the National Hockey League standings or the Expos batting averages.
16. You can pull pictures from Allo Police and insert in this column.
17. You can put in ads for free beer to be sent to my attention.
18. You can reduce all the pictures that didn't make it into RearGarde, really small and then put them at the bottom of this column.
19. You can make the pages of RearGarde smaller. (*That's cheating—you used this one before—ed.*)
20. You can put stock market reports; stuff like the Dow Jones averages and the price of gold, silver, copper etc., and select a few stocks that might be worth watching.
21. You can put in the monthly horoscope for that month.
22. You can give us highlights from this month in history.
23. You can have me run a beer tasting competition and we can publish the results at the bottom of this column.
24. You can feature some of the better items at K-mart's \$1.44 days.
25. You can give us some of the highlights in this month's television schedule.
26. You can get a prognosticator to come and make predictions for the coming month then every month I can mark him as to how many of his predictions came true.
27. You can list all the bribes that came into RearGarde by bands who wanted to get reviewed or interviewed.
28. You can publish all local Elvis sightings (excluding George Thomas).
29. You can list bars that have broken any alcohol or cleanliness codes like the Gazette's restaurant section.
30. You can just keep putting those little messages at the end of the column and I won't do anything about it.

by P.S. Marlboro

J. Mascis stands on stage, monitors primed, amps turned to "medium" volume while the soundman has him turned up beyond recognition. This is it. Dinosaur (forget the Jr., I don't give a shit about any lawsuit) is about to commit musical rape. Pat "Murph" Murphy kicks in, joined in a few strokes by Lou Barlow but the noise hasn't even begun yet... ahhh... there it is. I want this to be the last thing I ever hear.

What is it about Dinosaur that brings out the sixteen year old in all of us? Okay, Maybe I have a tendency towards over reaction when it comes to these things but there are live musical experiences and then there is a Dinosaur concert. On stage Dinosaur have the ability to perform a fully consented lobotomy. Digression is of utmost importance and aural abuse is just one of the rules.

What is it that has made Dinosaur so popular seemingly against their will? Let's face it, J. Mascis will not submit to the powers that be and the feeling is more implied than militantly executed (we're not talking about Fishbone). Getting Dinosaur to actually perform a gig last year proved to be a promoter's nightmare when rumors circulated that they weren't showing up and at one point had even rumored to have broken up (but we'll get to that later).

Dinosaur first hit the scene on a Home- stead compilation under another name, *Deep Wound*, and another sound, Hardcore.

"Hardcore is totally limited," says bassist Lou Barlow. "We just had an urge to get more powerful. In theory they say that hardcore is as powerful as you can get but it's really not. We're actually playing louder now than we were then. I like to think that it's still a major influence in our sound, but so is REM and the Replacements—they made us think about writing in terms of songs."

Gerard Cosloy is famous for making discoveries so it was only fitting that hot on the heels of Sonic Youth's *Bad Moon Rising* came Dinosaur's self-titled debut LP.

"J. (which stands for Joseph, by the way) went to college with Gerard in Boston and when Gerard took off to New York and got his label started he called us and told us he wanted to put out our record. But he liked us. Let's face it, he is a discerning type guy," says Lou.

Next came *Your Living All Over Me* on SST records and the record that tore Dinosaur into critical nether-nether-land, thus becoming yetanother ground-breaking band with Greg Ginn's stamp of approval.

"Sonic Youth got signed to SST. Das Damen got signed next. We knew both of them so we got signed too, that's about the size of it," Lou humbly confesses.

So what's the deal? Sonic Youth are big stars now. Dinosaur are getting there really quick. What's wrong with Damen? Let's try and stay on topic but it seems to me that

GOING

PHOTO: Rob



BUGGY

Damen were doing what Dinosaur are doing now but about one EP earlier, no?

"It's kinda weird with Damen now 'cause we got signed around the same time and it looks as though we've surpassed them. I guess that's caused a bit of a rift between us but I really hope not. I mean we don't talk to them much anymore."

Bug, Dinosaur's most recent release put them seemingly over the crest, dropping them right into the void left by REM and The Replacements. *Bug* (incidentally also the name of the single off DasDamen's *Triskadelikaphobia*) is easy to listen to. Aside from the obvious *Don't* at the end of the record, there are a lot of hit's on the LP. Everything on the record hits you in the face. The song writing is cool, the guitar work is, as usual, Gawdlike and the slick production goes without saying.

Okay, enuff bullshit editorializing. Why is it then that Dinosaur is so popular Lou?

"Idon't think... well... yeah, okay. Maybe it's because we're powerful. I'll give us that; we are powerful and our songs are O.K. too. So... I mean not a lot of bands can combine power and songwriting. Let's face it, there aren't a lot of good bands out there so I guess we've risen to the top. Sort of like a bunch of crud rising to the top."

Thanks Lou. But popularity aside why is J. such a jerk? (*actually that wasn't the question. Suffice to say that J. Mascis was unwilling to deal with me in any way, shape or form on finding out that I wanted to do an interview*)

"J. is kind of a slug. Lazy, y'know? But that's all part of the charm. He's really talented so I guess he can get away with that. He writes all the music and words to most of our songs. It's really amazing. He treats it like an essay or something. The night before we go into a studio he'll stay up all night figuring out the songs and writing the words."

Is it a problem to deal with him on tour?

"Well, we all have our problems on tour and all. That's just a part of touring. We don't much like touring, J. especially, but it's something that you have to do so you can survive as a band (rolling his eyes) so when you come home you don't have to keep a day job and you can keep concentrating on your music, I guess. It's actually a real pain in the ass."

Last Year I heard you broke up.

"No, we've never really broken up, we just said that 'cause we didn't want to tour."

The first time Dinosaur was in Toronto promoter Elliot Lefko had them play an opening gig for Enigma recording artists *Plan 9*. Dinosaur got paid a rumoured hundred dollars and a Pizza (street value \$10). It was amazing, actually painful, to

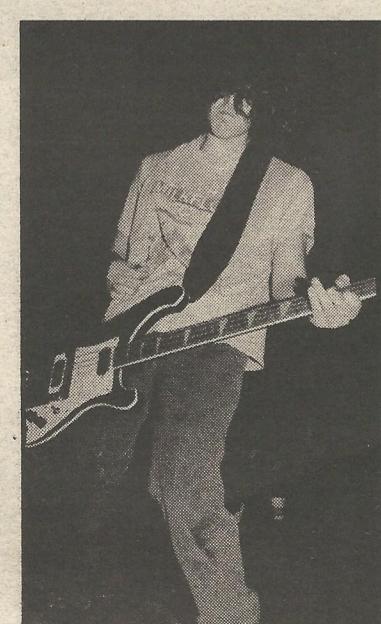


PHOTO: Shawn Scallen



PHOTO: Rob

2071 Ste-Catherine W.
934-0484



May 11 & 25

Rock Blues Jam Session
featuring Rob McDonald's band

War May 13
Brides & **Buddy Marley**
& the Scraps

May 26-27

BOKAMARU

In the spirit of the grateful dead

May 30

Jerry & the Roosters

4. Jimbo Jenkins and the Rednecks & Guest
5. Mere Image & Fast and Fury
6. Raw Hex
7. Earth Concert Benefit #1 with 8 bands
8. The Morning After
9. The Huge Groove Experience
10. The Hillbilly Slicksters
12. J, son
14. Earth Concert Benefit #2 with 7 bands
15. Robin Tripp
16. Pipers of Dawn & Nothing Known
17. Les Tchigavoux
18. Bokonan
19. Weather Permitting
20. Weather Permitting
21. High Rise
22. Unknown
23. News From The Front
24. Big Green Shelter
28. Joseph K.
29. Fractured Mirror
31. Boing

June 1. Legal Talk

2. Toy House
3. Saturday Night Comedy & Guest Band
4. Bagdad Beats
5. Battle of the Bands
6. Tiara



**Battle of
The Bands**
Coming in June
Sign up at the bar

Happy Hour: 1 to 7, Mon. to Fri.
Buck a draft, Two bucks a shot

Information Line: 934-1419
Import Beer On Tap
And, yes, we're getting Guinness!

les disques

CARGO

records
Montreal

BRINGS TO CANADA DOMESTICALLY-PRICED RELEASES BY

SST

BAD BRAINS
"LIVE"

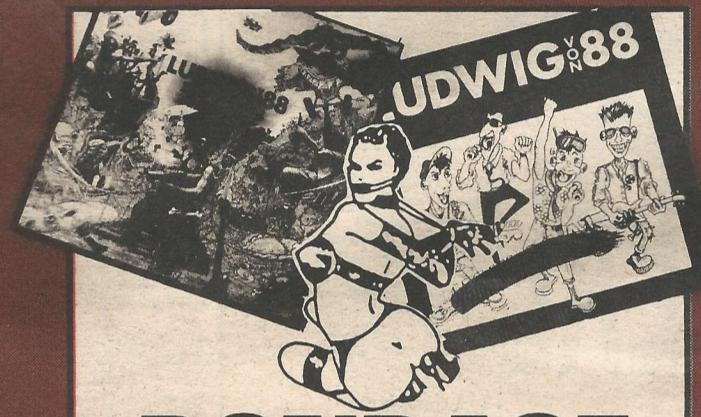
DINOSAUR JR.
"BUG"
"LIVING ALL OVER ME"

FIREHOSE
"FROMOHIO"
"IF'N"
"RAGING FULLON"

DESCENDENTS
"HALL RAKER"
"ALL"

HUSKER DU
"ZEN ARCADE"
"METAL CIRCUS"
"FLIP YOUR WIG"
"LAND SPEED RECORD"

SONIC YOUTH
"SISTER"
"EVOL"
SELF-TITLED
"CONFUSION"



BONDAGE

BERURIER NOIR
"ABRACADEBOUM"
"CONCERTO POUR DETRAQUES"
"MACADAM MASSACRE"
"ILS VEULENT NOUS TUER" 12"
"JOYEUX MERDIER"
"NADA"
"SAM PAN" 7"

LUDWIG VON 88
"HOULALA"
"HOULALA 2: LA MISSION"
"GUERRIERS BALUBAS" 12"
"SPRINT" 12"

SOUTHERN STUDIOS

CRASS
"BEST BEFORE 84"
"CHRIST THE LP"
"PENIS ENVY"
"STATIONS OF..."
"FEEDING THE 5000"

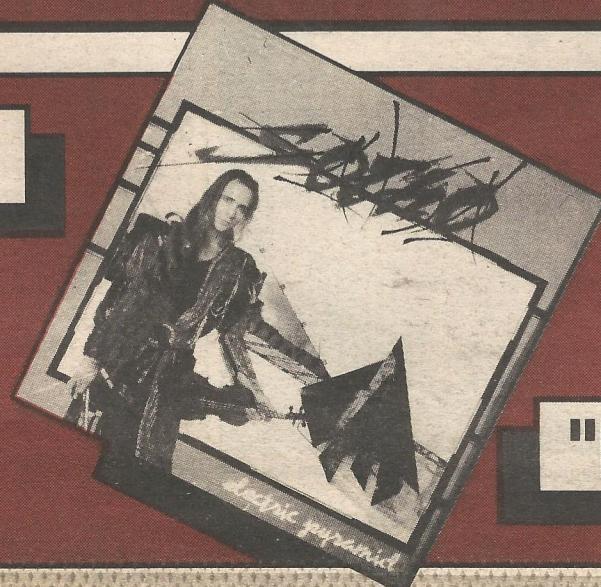
FUGAZI
SELF-TITLED

SUBHUMANS
"TIME FLIES"
"THE DAY THE COUNTRY
DIED"
"WORLDS APART"
"29:29 SPLIT VISION"
"EP/LP"
"FROM THE CRADLE TO
THE GRAVE"

TACKHEAD
"TICKING TIME BOMB"



AVAILABLE NOW



SOTHO

"ELECTRIC PYRAMID"